

Saddle Sore

Book I:

Chapter I: The Cowgirl's Hiding

By Yu May

As Mamma's trusty wooden spatula made its impact across the seat of 16-year-old Jayme Schmidt's dusty denim jeans, the prodigal teen heard a dense, resounding thunder clap echo through the room.

Jayme's dirty blond hair flew in waves around her as she jerked her head up, catching a glimpse of the peach tree branches swaying and the light of dawn peeking through the window.

With both legs dangling across either side of Mamma's right knee, Jayme couldn't even get a glimpse of Mamma's face or the spoon. Sometimes, she could just make out a flurry of movement in her peripheral vision, but apart from that, Jayme's impressions of the scene unfolding behind her were restricted to her sense of hearing...and sense of touch.

"It's not even breakfast! How did I manage to start summer vacation like this? Why is God doing this to me?"

A second slap of the spatula was enough to discourage Jayme's private questions about theodicy.

"Okay, God, I get it. I know I goofed."

Two more stiff swats from the spatula, one for each cheek, were enough to make Jayme wonder why all her friends at church were so terrified of bare-bottom spankings in particular. In her 16-year-long career of practicing for the rodeo by taking regular trips across Mamma and Pop's knees, Jayme was pretty sure she'd earned every spanking she possibly could, with every possible implement, in every possible state of dress, in every possible combination.

"Sure, you get less protection with a bare butt, but do you really think parents don't know that too? When you're in your jeans they know it's open season, and..."

Another wallop, another futile twist of Jayme's hips. As the denim up the jeans rode up her crack, Jayme could perfectly imagine a blushing little cartoon face on her booty wailing "Lemme' out! Lemme' out!"

Three quick spanks in staccato rhythm, followed by two more in the firecracker explosion style, before a pause let Jayme catch her breath and consider her position.

Outside, the local mourning dove was cooing above the barn, as if lamenting Jayme's pains.

"Vinyl record scratch. Yup, that's me, you're probably wondering how I got myself into this situation!"

As she felt a gentle tap of the spatula rub against both her lower cheeks, Jayme heard Mamma's stern voice. "Jayme Hilario Schmidt, so long as you live under this roof, you will not take the Lord's name in vain. Is that clear?"

Brushing her hair out of her eyes, Jayme's tongue moved before she could think. "All I said was 'Gosh dang it.' Didn't know that it counted."

Jayme winced as she heard the sarcastic bite in her own words.

And Jayme winced again as she felt the bite of the spatula across her own bottom.

"Jayme, this is not a debate. When I ask you a yes or no question, I expect to hear either 'Yes, ma'am' or 'No ma'am.' Is that clear?"

"Yes'm!" Jayme rested her hands on the spotless kitchen floor. When Mamma was in a lecturing mood, she usually put the spanking on hold to get her point across. Jayme would have cursed herself for forgetting that, if cussing wasn't a spankable offense in the Schmidt household.

Jayme felt Mamma trace small circles across the seat of her pants with the spatula. The Amish-made antique made a gentle swishing sound as it brushed against the denim in figure-eight patterns, lifting each of Jayme's cheeks slightly with each pass.

"That's better, Jayme. Now, in the first place, it most certainly does 'count.' It's called a 'minced oath.' It's coming as close to the blasphemous phrase as possible. You said you didn't know a phrase like that 'counted.' Think carefully. Do you recall what your father and I have taught you about the third commandment?"

Jayme felt oddly soothed by the gentle touch of the spatula. "Um...Yes, ma'am. I think so, Ma'am."

"Can you recite Exodus 20:7?"

Jayme nodded furiously, suddenly back in Sunday School mode and eager to please. "Yes, ma'am! 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.'"

"And what does the third commandment teach us?"

"Yes! Straight out of children's catechism!"

Wondering if having her bottom hanging in the air was improving the blood circulation to her brain, Jayme recited beautifully: "The third commandment teaches us to reverence God's name, word, and works."

Jayme's heart started to swell with pride, before she remembered her humiliating position. Not one child at the First Reformed Baptist Church of Redfield could honestly say they had never been spanked. Even amongst the teenage girls, whispered stories of recent spankings were commonly exchanged with giggles in Sunday School discussions, when the boys were not present of course. The Bible clearly taught that faithful parents must spank their children...what would be the point of hiding it?

But Jayme had a sneaking suspicion that not even all the naughty girls of First Reformed Baptist Church combined earned spankings quite as frequently as she did. Jayme had come to that conclusion, to her chagrin, when the other teens had started to notice that Jayme always seemed to have at least one new spanking story every week.

It wasn't that John and Mary Schmidt were particularly strict or eager to spank Jayme. In fact, some of the stories she heard about the other girls' thrashings made Jayme feel practically spoiled!

It was just that Jayme's parents saw spanking as a first resort rather than the last resort: "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Jayme's Pops and Mamma handed out little spankings to their seven children more frequently than candy, in the hope that they wouldn't have to dish out harsher punishments later. For Jayme's older brother and sister, this method had worked wonders!

So long as you didn't talk yourself into a for-real spanking, the Schmidt siblings usually escaped with little more than a few light-pink marks as a reminder of their minor misdeed.

Unfortunately, once she was over a knee, Jayme's brain tended to turn off. She was just *that* good at talking her way into a spanking, to the point that Mamma had hung racks of kitchen implements at strategic points around the house and barn to speed up the process of providing Jayme's regularly scheduled maintenance spankings.

"And do you think that phrase shows proper reverence to God's name, word, and works?"

"No, ma'am!"

"So, why did you do it?"

Jayme grinned, glad Mamma couldn't see her face from this angle.

"Just once...just once! I'm going to talk my way out of a real spanking!"

Jayne's mind was racing as she thought about what she had done to deserve this. While helping clean out the stables, their clydesdale, Sir Hamilton, had taken a nip at Jayme's golden-brown locks. All Jayme had done was yelp the offending phrase as she brushed him off.

"I just got caught off guard. I'm sorry, Mamma," said Jayme, in her sweetest, angelic voice.

"I understand that, Jayme. It doesn't excuse you, but I do understand. You will get six more swats with the spatula, and let that be a warning to you!"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Jayme nodded as she felt Mamma adjust her grip and prepare to finish the brief interruption to their morning schedule. One swat for every birthday was the standard for a warning shot spanking.

"That butt-head! This is all his fault!" Jayme thought out loud.

"...What did you just say, Jayme?"

It was as though Jayme suddenly snapped awake, her mouth agape. That thought hadn't just been in her head? "Um, I meant Sir Hamilton!"

"Where did you hear that expression?"

"I think from the girls at church?"

"Well, I don't want it repeated under this roof! Stand up, Jayme!"

Swallowing, Jayme shuffled to her feet.

"Bad omen!"

Awkwardly, Jayme stuffed her hands into her back pockets to keep from fidgeting and looked down at Mamma. A petite, pleasantly plump brunette in her late 30s, "Mamma" Mary Schmidt was shorter than four of her seven children, including Jayme.

But what Mrs. Schmidt lacked in size, she made up for with her command of the English language and her surprisingly toned muscles, thanks in no small part to delivering spankings almost daily for nineteen years.

As the descendents of German and Spanish farmhands, the whole family ate a lot, and the whole family worked a lot. Jayme mused how much her own penchant for sassing and back talk had contributed to giving Mamma exercise over the years.

“Jayme, you must learn to think before you speak. ‘Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from troubles.’ Or in your case, keepeth your bottom from troubles. Take off your jeans, and get back across my knee.”

Jayme practically felt her ears steaming. “But...all the other girls at church say it, and they don’t get spanked!”

Jayme balked when she saw Mamma’s withering stare.

“Why, mouth, why? What did my...bum ever do to you?”

“If they don’t get spanked, then they most certainly should! Do you remember Proverbs 29:15?”

Jayme felt a slight prickle of warmth from underneath her denim jeans. Hanging her head, and still unable to escape Mamma’s firm gaze, she recited from memory. “‘The rod and reproof give wisdom’...but...uh...”

“‘But a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame!’ Now, off with your jeans, young lady. If you don’t, I’ll use Pop’s belt on you, and you won’t like that one bit. Are you going to argue, or are you going to obey?”

Jayme’s body tensed, and her hands flew from her back pockets to remove her own belt. “I’ll obey, ma’am!”

She’d only gotten a licking with Pop’s belt three times in her life, and that was enough for a lifetime. The sound of her own belt flying through the loops of her jeans sent a thrill up her spine. Jayme delicately set her belt, covered in a decorative floral pattern of punched holes, into Mamma’s open palm. As Jayme’s fingers fumbled with the button of her jeans, she was painfully aware that Mamma now had a belt at hand, as well as the spatula.

Slowly, slowly, Jayme lowered the front zipper. Slowly, slowly, Jayme lowered the dusty denim jeans, to reveal pink panties emblazoned with a silhouette of a girl on a horse, and the words “Ride ‘em, Cowgirl!” stamped across the back in letters formed from a lasso. Jayme felt them riding high on her crack, still giving her a slight wedgie thanks to her writhing across Mamma’s knee.

A rich baritone voice echoed from behind Jayme. “Did I hear something about my belt? Well, now! My little Firecracker in trouble? Why am I not surprised? Need me to lend a hand, Mamma?”

Jayme’s shoulders tensed, as her face blushed red from the tip of her nose to the tips of her ears. Her jeans around her ankles, her cowgirl undies doing nothing to hide the pale tan line below her freckled, muscular bottom, Jayme looked behind her to implore her father. “Pop? No! Please! I’ll be a good girl!”

“Oh? Then why are you already getting spanked before breakfast?”

Jayme turned to look to Mamma, silently pleading her to speak as a witness in her defense, only to find Mamma giving her a bemused nod. “Go on, Jayme. Confess your sins.”

Stepping out of her jeans, Jayme straightened up and turned to face Pop, her hands wavering between covering her modesty from Mamma behind her or from Pop before her.

Unlike his wife, Pop was a towering figure, dwarfing even Jayme’s six feet. Jayme was alternatively her Pop’s “Lil’ Firecracker,” or his “Tall Drink o’ Water.” The former nickname had been earned when 6-year-old Jayme had disobeyed strict instructions to not touch the fireworks for the 4th of July, only to accidentally set off an entire box at once. After Jayme was rescued and the fire was put out, all of her siblings, and several approving neighbors, were treated to witnessing a second fireworks show in the form of Jayme’s first-ever bare bottom spanking, delivered right on the porch steps by both Mamma and Pops in turn.

Since that day, Jayme had lovingly been nicknamed “Firecracker,” and the story was a favorite whenever guests arrived, especially for Independence Day Celebrations.

Jayme settled on demurely folding her hands in front of her. “I...nearly took the Lord’s name in vain, Pop. It was an accident!”

Pop nodded and raised an eyebrow as he glanced at the jeans around Jayme’s ankles, silently indicating her to go on. “Then...I sassed and backtalked during my spanking. But I’m gonna’ obey! You don’t gotta’ take your belt to me!”

Pop smiled. “That’s good to hear, Firecracker. I’d hate to have to spank you on your first day off from school. Now, turn around and let Mamma finish what you started!”

Trembling with relief, Jayme obeyed, resting on Mamma’s knee and leaning forward into position, genuinely thankful for her Pop’s kindness. “Yes, sir!”

Maybe, just maybe, if she was perfectly obedient...

“Mamma, if you’re going to be at it for a while, I’ll just make breakfast.”

Mamma practically cooed, “Oh, you big sweetie! Jayme, hold onto this for me until I ask to have it back!” Jayme saw the spatula lower into her field of vision and accepted it obediently.

“Of course, I still have six of the best with the spatula coming...”

Mamma patted the pale, prostrated posterior a few times with her hand, and Jayme felt the warmth emanating from the ten imprints left by the spatula.

"Jayme, I want you to know I love you. I'm glad you're being more cooperative now, but I still have to spank you."

Jayme swallowed hard and replied politely, "Yes, ma'am. I'm sorry. I know I was wrong."

"Be brave, and hold still, and I will spare you your father's belt."

Jayme rested the spatula on the floor before her and focused on it, before shutting her eyes tight to accept her fate. "Thank you, Mamma!"

Mamma wasted no time and began Jayme's hand spanking with crisp, steady strokes. With seven children to deal with, Mrs. Schmidt had been forced to dispense with excessive lecturing and extraneous rituals during a spanking. She believed in carrying out the sentence promptly.

A wooden door slammed shut, and over the steady slaps, Jayme heard her oldest brother Joseph's tenor voice. "Pops? Stables are all cleared out! ...Ah, sorry, Jayme!"

Her older sister Jessica's sympathetic, sing-song voice added, "Oh, dear! Hang in there, Jayme!"

Of course, Joseph and Jessica had both been up early to help Jayme with the stables. And by now 14-year-old Joanne was likely up to tend to the chickens.

"Oof! Thanks, Joseph! Thanks, Jessica! Yelp!"

"At least Mamma's letting me keep my panties!"

Being spanked in private was a privilege, not a right in the Schmidt household. Maybe not even a privilege, more like a luxury, Mamma's schedule permitting.

Thankfully, Mamma had decided years ago that, for the sake of modesty, bare-bottom spankings were only delivered in a private bedroom or the woodshed.

Jayme's public bare-bottom spanking for the firecracker incident had occurred before this rule was put in place, and had indirectly been responsible for the change. Joanne had been so delighted by witnessing it, she'd teased Jayme ruthlessly to the point Jayme snapped and started a fight. After hearing both sides of the story, Mamma and Pops had forbidden Joanne from teasing Jayme, and quietly ended the practice of spanking their children's bare bottoms in public...after spanking Jayme and Joanne's bare bottoms, and sentencing them both to spend the rest of the day wearing a single large t-shirt emblazoned with the words "our get along shirt."

Behind her, Jayme heard a dry, monotone female voice. "Ouch, that's gotta' hurt."

"Oh, great! Here's Joanne!"

“What’d Jayme do this time? Or are you going for a world record? ‘Most spankings received over the course of a summer’?”

Pops didn’t look up from his cooking. “Knock it off, Joanne. ‘Girls who tease, wind up over knees.’”

Joanne saluted, before finding her place at the table. “Roger, Wilco!”

Jayme heard a chair scoot, and just knew Joanne was adjusting her seat to get a better view of the show.

Joanne had been going through a rebellious, goth/emo/punk phase of late. But unlike Jayme, Joanne had learned to carefully avoid crossing any lines that would earn her more than a quick “warning shot” spanking.

In the years since their violent argument, Jayme and Joanne had actually grown quite close, but that didn’t mean that Joanne wasn’t going to tease her ruthlessly for getting spanked before breakfast.

Over the steady claps of her own spanking, Jayme could make out a soft sizzling behind her. “Bacon, sausage and eggs will be ready in a few minutes, Mamma. Ya’ nearly done? I’d hate to serve you an overcooked meal.”

“Don’t worry, dear, I’ll have this timed perfectly. I’d hate to serve you an undercooked daughter.”

Jayme felt tears well up behind her closed eyes, and prayed for strength. She knew she’d cry sooner or later, but at least she didn’t have to blubber like a baby. The steady crackling and hissing of the cooking grew louder, and Jayme suddenly realized she was so hungry it was intoxicating. She couldn’t help but imagine her own hams, toasting and sizzling on the pan along with breakfast.

Just as Jayme was about to break down, Mamma paused the spanking. With the sound of frying bacon now filling the room, and still feeling the lingering afterburn, it took Jayme a few seconds to even notice the pause.

“Jayme, we’re almost done. Hand me the wooden spatula.”

Jayme tried to say, “Yes, Ma’am,” as she lifted up the spatula but the closest she could manage was a whimpering cry that sounded like, “Mmmyesss, ma-mmeeee!”

As she dimly saw the spatula taken from her grasp, Jayme rested her elbows against the floor, and felt her tears pool against her cheeks and the skin of her forearms.

The moment the spatula made its first impact, Jayme's resolve not to cry melted like butter.

The steam from the stove filled the room with a pleasant aroma, accompanied by the sweet music of Jayme's voice in broken sobs.

An oil bubble in the bacon pan exploded with a sharp "Pop!" at the precise moment the wooden spatula made the six and final impact against the center of Jayme's bottom, right where her lower cheeks met her thighs.

Everything was perfectly cooked!

Mamma helped Jayme back to her feet, planting a soft kiss on her wet cheek which Jayme returned thankfully. As she bent down to pull up her jeans, Jayme discovered them missing and struggled to remember where she put them. She found them neatly folded near the wooden stool where Mamma had sat and wondered if Jessica or Joanne had retrieved them for her.

Just as Jayme was trying to squeeze her swollen, bright red buttocks back into her overly tight jeans, the twins, 11-year-old Jack and Jill, arrived in the kitchen, just in time to catch a glimpse of the damage.

Jack stifled a yawn before the revelation woke him out of his stupor. "Yawn! Oh no! Jayme got spanked...already?"

Jill cocked her head with polite interest at the sight of her older sister's well-roasted rump. "What did you do this time, Jayme?"

Mamma shooed them to the table. "Wait until I wake up Juniper. Jayme can tell you the whole story then." Mamma carried 6-year-old Juniper to the table, and Jayme related the whole sordid tale to satisfy her younger siblings' morbid interest.

Pops served breakfast, and gave Jayme a quick kiss on the forehead before whispering a congratulations into her ear for enduring her trial.

The spanking signaled Jayme's forgiveness and restoration. Apart from a little friendly ribbing from Joanne, none of her siblings teased her about the spanking. Why would they? After all, *everyone* got spanked, right?

...

Jayme lay in bed that night and looked at her digital clock: 9:00 p.m. She had to be up by 5:00 a.m. at the latest for morning chores.

It wasn't any lingering pain from the spanking that was keeping her up...not exactly.

The scorching pain had faded after only a few minutes, and the remaining soreness had bothered her for most of the day, especially where the spatula had made an impression on her lower cheeks. Riding Sir Hamilton that day had been murder. But by bedtime, the saddle soreness had almost completely healed.

Nevertheless, Jayme found herself thinking about the spanking, and with a flourish she threw off her blanket and fumbled in the dark to find something in her dresser drawer.

Creeping on tiptoe, Jayme carefully opened and closed every door so as not to wake Mamma or Pops. Slipping on moccasins and a thin jacket at the front door, Jayme used a flashlight to make her way past the barn and towards her favorite, private place: the woodshed.

“Finally! Just hope they don’t catch me! ...What would they even say? It’s not like I’m doing something wrong...”

But Jayme wasn’t too sure. Sure, her parents had never told her *not* to do this. Yet somehow, it still *felt* wrong. But how could it be wrong, if it was the punishment for being wrong?

Trembling, Jayme lit the dangling bulb in the shed and basked in the warm, incandescent light. She was surrounded by bridles, straps, a wooden paddle, everything that could ever be used to correct a wayward child.

From her bag, Jayme pulled the secret objects: a wooden hairbrush, and her own belt.

There was a very good reason why Jayme knew that she was the single most-spanked girl in her entire family, in her entire church, maybe even in the entire world. And that was because, at every possible opportunity she had, Jayme would spank herself.

She had almost been caught a few times. She’d stopped giving herself spankings in her bedroom after the twins started asking Mamma and Pops who was getting spankings after bedtime, to their confusion. Pops had finally concluded the twins must have heard something like a woodpecker, or racoons in the trash, or branches smacking against the side of the house.

After that close call, Jayme had been careful not to repeat her mistake. The woodshed was perfect. No one ever went there unless...well, it was time for a real spanking.

Jayme’s entire body trembled, and she felt a delicious thrill as she bared her bottom and examined it. She had been dying for this moment ever since Mamma had announced that she was going to get a spanking.

It wasn’t as if Jayme enjoyed being spanked by her parents. In fact, every time it happened, she was sure she would never, ever want to be spanked again. But sooner or later, the desire to be spanked would return with vengeance.

And every time she spanked herself, the guilt that there must be something wrong with her would plague her for days. But the more guilty she felt...the more she needed to be spanked.

Jayne patted her bottom experimentally with the hairbrush, then raised it high.

She recited the words from memory: "Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child; But the rod of correction shall drive it far from him," and brought the hairbrush down squarely across her own buttock, embracing the sensation, savoring the tingle, and only wishing that someone *would* catch her, right at this moment, and take over.

As she brought down the hairbrush again and again in a steady rhythm, she cooed phrases like, "I'm a bad girl," and "I'll be good."

"Please, don't spank me!" followed by "Punish me! I deserve it!"

Setting down the hairbrush, Jayne picked up her belt and folded it. As she snapped it together in her hands, she thrilled at the sound, and repositioned herself for self-flagellation.

"Maybe it's not such a bad thing to get spanked all the time! After all...I've gotta' learn!"

Jayne had no words to describe why she felt the way she felt.

All she knew was, at this moment, she was perfectly happy.

[End of Chapter 1]

Saddle Sore
Chapter II: The Cowgirl's Secret

As the decorative rawhide belt bit across her bare butt cheeks, Jayme gasped, her eyes snapping open. Looking back at the marks left by her self-inflicted spanking, Jayme pouted. "It's just not the same..."

The problem with spanking herself is she could never quite forget that she was the one doing it. She always either hesitated at the last moment, bringing down an unsatisfying slap, or else the stroke would land so hard it "woke her up" from the daydream.

What was it Mamma had said earlier, while Jayme lay obediently, bent over the knee? "Be brave, and hold still, and I will spare you your father's belt!"

A small part of Jayme had wanted to call Mamma's bluff: to squirm and sass until she heard the tell-tale snick-snick-snick sound of Pop's belt being pulled through the loops. Maybe Pops would hand it to Mamma with a wry joke at Jayme's expense: "Be quick, Mamma. I'd like to keep *my* pants up today, at least." Over the years, Jayme had grown used to being the butt of many a spanking joke.

Then again, if Pops thought his "precious, little Firecracker" was defying Mamma's authority, he might just as easily have escorted Jayme to the woodshed himself. That had only happened three times in Jayme's entire life, and no matter how much Jayme was tempted to earn another "for real" trip to the woodshed, she always chickened out in the end.

Jayme winced as she traced the lines of fresh, raised weals left by her own belt, complimenting another set of oval-shaped welts left by her own wooden hairbrush. She could even still feel the lingering marks left by Mamma's wooden spatula, though those didn't hurt anymore, so long as she didn't bend over too much. It always surprised Jayme how quickly her bottom recovered after a spanking. As she spotted a spare saddle resting on a sturdy, wooden rack, a tempting new idea occurred to Jayme.

While standing, she could aim the belt in a wide arc, whipping it across her back, and could usually land it across both of her cheeks. The hairbrush was more unwieldy. God just hadn't designed the arm to deliver a proper hairbrush spanking at this angle. But Jayme recalled how, months ago, when she'd tried this in her own room, she'd managed to spank herself perfectly, so that her fantasy became real within her mind's eye. On that occasion, she had laid down on her own bed, her hips propped up by a pillow, and delivered a hand-spanking to both of her cheeks, before adding a second dose with the hairbrush that left her near tears, and a warm, glowing sensation all over her body, especially her posterior.

Unfortunately, it turned out the walls of the old farmstead were too thin. Jack and Jill had overheard strange, slapping sounds, and Jayme had been forced to abandon spanking herself in her bedroom. "Thank God Dad bought that it was just raccoons..." Jayme thought out loud.

As Jayme set down her belt and hairbrush within easy reach, and experimentally lay herself over the saddle, she found the rack could easily support her weight. "This is comfortable. And my bottom..." Jayme patted it playfully, "...is in the perfect spanking position!"

With a deep breath, Jayme cleared her mind of her surroundings, and tried to reflect on her many, many cherished memories of being spanked.

There was her first-ever bare-bottom spanking she'd received after she'd disobeyed her parents instructions not to touch the fireworks in the garage before the 4th of July, with explosive results.

Then there were the many spankings she and Joanne had earned for brawling with each other. Mamma and Pops were very fair. They never spanked Jayme if she hadn't started or escalated the fight, but on the one occasion when Jayme had started an unprovoked fight, she'd earned her first thrashing with Pop's belt, and never repeated the same mistake.

More recently, as a freshman at Redfield Christian High School, she'd endured Pop's belt thanks to letting her grades slip out of pure, stubborn laziness. Jayme repeated Mamma and Pop's words on that dire occasion, as they escorted her to this same wood shed. "We don't expect you to be perfect, but we do expect you to make an effort..."

But as Jayme caught sight of her own pink, cowgirl panties falling gracefully, to join her pajama bottoms around her knees, something new pressed into her mind.

In reality, Jayme's parents never spanked her so harshly, nor so cruelly. But sometimes, Jayme couldn't help but wonder...what if?

As she kicked her feet playfully, she could almost hear Mamma saying, "Stop squirming! Oh, that does it, Jayme, you've earned yourself a bare-butt-blistering!"

"Oooh nooo, Mamma...not on the bare!" Jayme whimpered, her cheeks burning as she remembered being punished in front of her siblings. She was back in the kitchen, the wooden spatula before her, her entire family behind her, all eyes on her now-naked nates. "Please, just wait til we're in my room! Puh-leeze! I'm *too old* for a spanking!"

Jayme used her left hand to land a hard, resounding clap to her left butt-cheek, followed by a quick, crisp smack to her right cheek, using her right hand. It felt real! "No more back-talk, Jayme! You will *never* be too old for a spanking! And your brothers and sisters need to see what happens to naughty girls who break the ten commandments!"

Tears dampening her eyes, Jayme turned her head to plead with her beloved Poppa. "But...but...you said I only get spanked on the bare bottom in *private*! That's the rule! Please, Poppa! Tell her to stop! I'm sorry! I'll do better!"

But her father only shook his head. "I know you'll do better, Firecracker. But you're not nearly sorry enough. Not yet. From now on, the rule of this house is: all your spankings end with your bare, bright-red bottom on display in the corner. Regardless of whether or not your siblings are in the room. Or any guests for that matter!"

"Nooooooo!" whined Jayme, before Mamma landed a single, deliberate spank with every-ounce of her considerable strength. The next spank didn't land immediately, and Jayme rasped as she felt the impression of a handprint rise across her buttock, licking at her like a tongue of flame. She saw all her siblings' expressions of concern and amusement. Her older brother and sister, Joseph and Jessica, looked sympathetic, but nodded with agreement.

As a second, slow spank landed, on the exact same spot, Jayme held back a scream and kept her eyes fixed on the scene behind her.

14-year-old Joanne was twiddling her thumbs, flashing a toothy smirk. Then she casually tossed aside her lanky black hair to get a better view of the action.

In contrast, the twins, 11-year-old Jack and Jill, watched nervously, thinking about how they were never, ever going to take the Lord's name in vain, like Jayme had. 6-year-old Juniper watched, wide-eyed, as she sucked her thumb.

Everyone in the room knew that Jayme had earned every single swat she was getting, including Jayme.

Finally, as the third, slow spank landed, on the exact same spot, Jayme turned away, shame-faced. "Ow! N-not...the s-same suh-spuh-spot, Mamma! Oh no, no, no!"

But Mamma landed the fourth spank on the exact same spot anyway, picking up the pace.

Jayme bucked and reared like an unbroken bronco at the rodeo, before a wail escaped her lips.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes, Jayme dear. In fact, after this hand-spanking, I think we'll finish with the hairbrush. But not until you learn to hold still...assuming you ever want this spanking to end?"

As the fifth spank landed, unmercifully, on the exact same spot, Jayme's world became hazy. She heard Pop's voice from far away. "Be thorough, Mamma. I'm taking her to the woodshed for a taste of my belt as soon as you're finished."

Near ecstasy, Jayme used both her hands to quicken the tempo of her self-spanking, finally aiming spanks at other areas of her bottom. Soon enough, she would even out the color to a consistent, cherry red. It was almost perfect! She had almost forgotten this spanking wasn't real.

CRASH!

The sound of a metallic clatter awoke Jayme from her reverie. Hopping up from the saddle, Jayme tottered over to the door to take a peek. A shadowy, cylindrical shape rolled on the ground near her house, before two shining eyes caught the light from the incandescent bulb lighting the woodshed. A raccoon had knocked over their trash can...for real this time!

A light flicked on through a window. Jayme recognized it as the Master Bedroom. Mamma or Pops was awake!

Even then, Jayme remembered not to cuss. (Using naughty words was a spankable offense, after all.) "Fudge!" she hissed as she tried to simultaneously tiptoe as silently as a deer, and sprint as quickly as a cheetah. Instead, Jayme found herself flying towards the soft grass. Her legs flew up behind her, entangled by both the pajama pants and panties she'd forgotten to pull back up. One leg of her pajama pants went flopping as it nearly came clean off her leg.

Jayme spat out a grassy clod of mud. "Frick!"

Spooked by the noise, the raccoon darted along the wall, right under her parents' bedroom window. Hopping on one foot, she pulled her pajama pants roughly back on, feeling her undies bunch between her thighs. Jayme ignored it and bolted towards the front door, away from the light of the woodshed and her parents' window. Even if the raccoon drew their attention for a moment, Jayme was still within a clear line of sight.

She heard muffled footsteps inside the house, and without thinking, threw herself behind one of Mamma's prize-winning begonia shrubs, inches away from the front door. A tall, burly man burst out the front door, leaving it ajar behind him.

"Who's out here?" barked Pops, aiming a flashlight around the bushes. Jayme saw the light flicker across her bare toes.

"Is it a raccoon?" squeaked Mamma, in an unusually shrill voice, echoing from around the corner. Jayme guessed Mamma must be poking her head out the bedroom window.

The light pulled away from Jayme's toes, as Pops circled around the house towards the same window. "I think so! Either that, or a 'possum! Well, lookee here! Little booger tried to pull the bungee cord off the trash can. Definitely a coon!"

Realizing that her father was out of sight, Jayme began to inch her way toward the front door. She froze as she saw the glow of the flashlight point towards the woodshed, its door still ajar. She could barely make out Dad's voice around the corner of the house as he mused out loud. "...Huh, that's odd. The light's on in the shed."

Mamma practically screeched. "Don't go, baby! Someone's out there!"

Pop's rich laugh boomed across the front yard. "Haw! Relax, hon. I probably just left it on when I was working out there...huh, must have been last Sunday?"

Jayne felt the cool metal of the doorknob against her sweaty palm.

"Don't shoot!" Mamma wailed!

"Easy, easy! No one's gonna' get shot. Go to bed, honey!"

"*Fuck!*" thought Jayme. Of course, Pops owned a handgun for home-defense! What if he was armed?

How could she forget? Once, when Jayme was twelve-years-old, she had tried to crack into Pop's gun safe, furious at being told she was not yet old enough to learn to use a firearm. She'd managed to guess the passcode correctly, but Pops had wisely decided to keep the bullets and cartridge stored separately. After he caught her red handed holding his handgun, Jayme had received the definitive "Spanking of Her Life" with Pop's belt in the woodshed, followed by two weeks worth of bedtime spankings to reinforce the lesson in gun safety. The day after her final bedtime spanking, Pops had invited a thoroughly repentant and red-bottomed Jayme to join him at the gun range to learn proper firearm handling. Jayme still felt fuzzy, tingly butterflies in her stomach whenever she thought about those daddy-daughter sessions, both the spanking and the shooting.

At the present moment, Jayme had butterflies in her stomach, but not the fuzzy, tingly kind. What if she startled Pops by mistake, and he assumed she was a trespasser? But if she announced herself, that meant exposing herself to questioning about why she was hiding in the front yard.

As Pops made his way to the woodshed, Jayme knew she'd be back within his line of sight soon. It was a choice between potentially getting shot, and potentially exposing the reason for her secret night-time trips to the woodshed. Jayme slowly turned the doorknob. Easiest decision of her life!

Jayne felt her blood run cold as the door hinge whined a musical cry, and she ran bump into someone standing on the welcome mat! Jayme read the words, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you...Matthew 7:7b" on the mat beneath her bare feet, then snapped her head up to find Joanne, her messy, jet-black hair covering one of her eyes. She was wearing black pajamas with creepy-cute cartoon images of skulls and animals in a Gothic style. The pants were frilly and voluminous, like pantaloons, while the matching, ornate, spaghetti-strap shirt revealed Joanne's belly button. In Joanne's many carefully-chosen battles to persuade her parents to allow her to wear *some* Goth-style clothing, while also staying within the dress code of Redfield Christian School, these pajamas were her prize trophy.

One of the straps of Joanne's top flopped off her shoulder as she blinked, still half-asleep. "...Jayme? How'd you get ahead of me?"

Jayme sensed Pop's flashlight shining from behind her. "Who's there? Joanne, is that you, Little Miss Sunshine?"

Joanne craned her neck to peer over Jayme's shoulder. "Yes, Pops. Me and Jayme are here."

"Firecracker? You all right?" asked Poppa.

Stupidly, Jayme felt her temper flare up, remembering all the times Joanne had played tattle-tale during their 14 years of sisterhood. Then, Jayme remembered that the gig was up anyway. Her feet were bare, her pajamas grass-stained and rumpled. Beneath them, she felt her freshly-spanked hindquarters tingle, and clenched her glutes taut. While her panties were still bunched up below her cheeks, the scratchy inner-lining of her pajamas teasingly reminded Jayme that she was practically going commando, and her pajamas were hanging low on her hips. One cursory inspection of her behind would immediately reveal fresh, angry red marks from her hairbrush and belt. Those self-same spanking implements, along with her missing moccasins, were currently sitting right where she'd left them: next to the saddle rack in the woodshed.

As Jayme turned to face her Pops, one look at the loving, concerned look on his face made her want to come clean and confess all. But she couldn't force the words out.

Dad turned his light back to Joanne. "Both you girls heard it too? Sharp ears!"

"...Yeah. I came running to the door in a flash the second I heard it," answered Joanne, neutrally. She snapped her head up to catch Jayme's eye. "Right, Jayme?"

Jayme heard her own voice answering, as if her lips didn't care what her brain had to say on the matter, "Right, Joanne. I heard the raccoon, then hopped right out of bed." The words of the lie sounded strange to Jayme's ear.

"You little fibber! You deserve a spanking just for that!" she thought, as if a little cartoon angel was sitting on her right shoulder.

"...Wait! Who said anything about a raccoon? Why do you have to suck at lying?" she thought again, as if a little cartoon devil was sitting on her left shoulder.

Jayme was sure that Pops could see right through the guilty look on her face. She glanced down, ashamed to look him in the eye. Sure enough, Poppa's pistol was secure in his leg holster. He wasn't brandishing it now, but he'd had it the whole time. *"Thank God for trigger discipline,"* thought Jayme.

As he made eye contact with Jayme, Poppa smiled reassuringly and patted the holster gently. Jayme knew instantly he'd seen the cagey look in her eyes, and assumed that Jayme was nervous at the sight of the firearm. "Good guess, Firecracker! It's just our little local trash panda, sneaking around and causing trouble again. Nothing to worry about. I'll bring the cans into the garage tonight, so he won't bother us. You girls toddle off to bed, now!"

Jayme felt herself turn and march robotically, as obediently as ever she had, since being sent to bed with a stern warning at age two. The effect was only heightened by the fact that her bottom was currently sore, stinging, and smarting from a sound self-spanking.

She and Joanne both froze as Dad called after them. "Wait, girls, I have something else to say to you."

Both Jayme and Joanne's hands reflexively flew to their bottoms. Of course! They were out of bed after bed time! That was one of the very first house rules they'd learned to think of as 'a spankable offense'!

Dad beamed, "Love you, Firecracker! Love you, Sunshine!"

"Love you, Poppa!" both girls answered together.

As they approached Joanne's bedroom, Jayme did a double-take as her little sister spun on her heels to fix Jayme with a minxish smile. "You okay, Jayme?"

Jayme answered without pausing to breathe. "Yeah-course-I-am-just-a-bit-rattled-why?"

"Well, you're walking all stiff. What, you still sore from the spanking you got this morning?"

"You can't resist, can you? Any time I get spanked, you just have to get your little digs in?"

Joanne rolled her eyes dramatically (a stunt that would have earned either of them an instant spanking if they dared to try it in front of Mamma or Poppa). "That's not what I—"

Joanne caught her breath before regaining her cool composure. "Look, I'm not trying to razz you, I'm just mulling over what just happened. Pretty wild, right? ...You must have hopped out of bed pretty quick to get all the way to the front yard, huh?"

As Jayme peered down the hall toward her own room, she immediately saw the hole in her flimsy lie.

Jayme pictured Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson standing alongside her, examining the crime scene.

“But Holmes! How did Jayme manage to run all the way down this hall, past Joanne’s room, without anybody noticing?”

“Elementary, my dear Watson, our seemingly innocent Miss Jaymee was not in her room! She was in the woodshed, spanking herself with a hairbrush and a belt!”

Jayme shook her head, forcing herself to think. Yes, her story was implausible at best, but not impossible (depending on how long Joanne took getting out of bed). Jayme flared her nostrils as she prepared for a bluff. “Yeah! I hopped out of bed the second I heard it...Well? What’s so funny?”

Joanne yawned dramatically, before leaning against her heavily decorated bedroom door nonchalantly. Neither satanic, nor occultic imagery were allowed under the Schmidt family roof, but Joanne had managed to convince their parents that the ornate, upside-down cross was meant as a symbol of St. Peter’s martyrdom, and not of the Devil. “Nothing! I was kind of groggy when it woke me up...you’re lucky Dad didn’t *catch you* outside! You might have gotten shot!”

Joanne said the words “catch you” as though they were a succulent, forbidden sweet she was rolling over her tongue. Jayme wanted to slap the smug look right off Joanne’s face. She would have too, if not for the many lessons on the virtue of self-control Jayme had learned while sitting upon, or bent over, one of her parents’ laps.

Jayme fixed Joanne with what she hoped was her best ‘mom look.’ “Dad would never do that. And there’s no such thing as luck, Joanne. It was the grace of God. You think it’s funny, me getting shot?”

Finally, Joanne’s cavalier attitude disappeared. “What? No! That’s not funny! ...Man, I suck at this. Look, I’m not happy you got spanked. I get spanked—not as often as you—but I hate getting spanked, just as much as you. And I’m not sad because you *didn’t* get shot, either. It’s just...been a weird night.”

Jayme was momentarily at a loss for words. She loved all her brothers and sisters, but her relationship with Joanne was the most complicated. Joanne might rib her for getting spanked, but she was somehow also the easiest person for Jayme to talk to about certain things.

Joanne was easily in second place behind Jayme for the “Most Spanked Child in the Household” contest. The prize for winning the blue ribbon was probably another spanking, Jayme mused.

Not waiting for Jayme to answer, Joanne shrugged and offered a hand. “So...truce?”

Jayme wasn’t quite sure if she believed Joanne, but she shook hands anyway, strangely touched by the gesture. “Truce.”

Feeling lighter than air, Jayme made her way to her bedroom, rubbing the lingering sting from her throbbing buttocks with both hands. With a start, Jayme turned to catch a glimpse of Joanne's cat-like eye disappearing behind her heavily decorated door.

In Sunday School, Church, private school, and at home, Jayme had learned the importance of controlling her tongue. Obviously, if you said naughty words, like the f-word, you could expect a trip across a knee. An important aspect of that was to control yourself in thought, word, and deed. Jayme didn't just want to avoid *saying* the f-word to avoid a spanking. She wanted to avoid so much as *thinking* the f-word. Because, in her heart of hearts, Jayme believed that any use of the f-word was a sin, and rightly merited a long, hard, bare-bottom spanking.

"Fuck. Fuck! Fuuuck!" hissed Jayme. Joanne was on to her! This was all part of some devious scheme! Why did God hate her? Why did the Good Lord delight in punishing her so? Jayme rested her forehead against the simple arts-and-crafts cross decorating the front of her room. She remembered her second favorite Bible verse. Proverbs 17:3. "The fining pot is for silver, and the furnace for gold: but the Lord trieth the hearts," recited Jayme from memory, instantly repenting of her sinful thoughts. Still massaging her aching bottom, furiously, Jayme nudged her bedroom door open with her forehead, and collapsed onto bed.

She'd screwed up badly today. She'd nearly gotten caught. She'd lied to her dad's face. For a moment, the fiery pain emanating from her backside felt comforting. At least she'd gotten spanked. Not that it should really count for the lying. "That spanking wasn't nearly hard enough...Not for lying," huffed Jayme.

Jayme twisted as she felt her tangled undies bunch uncomfortably against her pajama bottoms. "So *that's* why they say not to get your knickers in a twist..." she mused as she finally fixed them.

Jayme curiously glanced back, wondering if she'd catch a glimpse of her naked ass glowing bright red, like Rudolf's shiny nose. It certainly *felt* like it should be glowing in the dark. "No more risks like that. I *can't* get caught," Jayme told herself, as she pulled her pajama bottoms back up.

Lying in the dark, a quiet little voice in her heart answered, "Then *don't* get caught!"

...

As Jayme drifted off to sleep, she recovered a long-forgotten memory. She was four years old, taking a long shower. As she washed the shampoo from her hair and glanced down at herself, she realized that, sooner or later, she would probably need a spanking for something or other. Little Jayme immediately delivered a firm spanking to her own, dripping-wet bottom, sending droplets flying with each resounding swat. She even added a lecture in a stern, parental voice, just like she remembered hearing Mamma and Poppa do while spanking her or one of her siblings. She didn't stop until she felt tears welling up in her eyes, and the sting had built to the

point it was unbearable. After drying off, she'd marched smartly to find her parents, wrapped in a towel, to explain her clever idea. "See? My bum is bright red. Now you don't have to spank me ever again! I can spank myself for you!"

She remembered the hoots of laughter, remembered the serious talk about not needing to do that ever again, and remembered blushing with humiliation as that funny "Kids Say the Darndest Things" anecdote was repeated over and over, first to siblings, and later to guests.

"You can't just spank yourself, and have that count as a punishment for later, Jayme. Don't you see? A spanking is supposed to teach you right from wrong. You get a spanking *after* you do something wrong," Poppa had explained gently.

But as far as Jayme was concerned, both then and now, she needed all the spankings she could possibly get.

[End of Chapter 2]

Saddle Sore
Chapter III: Jayme Rides Again

As she felt three little love taps across her bottom, Jayme thrilled as the lingering warmth from last night's self-inflicted spanking rose softly against her pajama pants.

"Jaaaymeeee..." cooed Mamma's voice.

"Hmmm? ...Noooo, Mamma!" whined Jayme, pressing her face against the pillow, still dreaming of being spanked.

Mamma's gentle pats became playful swats, not enough to hurt, but enough to wake Jayme up fully. "Jayme, it's time to get up."

"Five mo' mi'mmits, Mamma..." fussed Jayme.

In answer, Mamma landed a firm clap, smack across the center of her daughter's upturned rump. Immediately, Jayme hopped up, and off of bed in a scramble of limbs and bed sheets. "Yip! I'm up! I'm up!"

Glancing at her alarm clock, Jayme realized she'd forgotten to set it last night. It was six o'clock in the morning! She was late for morning chores!

But that meant...she was going to get *spanked!*

Kneeling on the carpet, Jayme trembled as she looked up at the petite woman who had given her life, and had given her frequent spankings ever since. It reminded Jayme of the days before her last few growth spurts, before she had outgrown her mother, without outgrowing spankings. "Sorry, Mamma! I'll do my chores right now! Please don't spank me!"

Mamma giggled. "It's okay, Jayme! Dad told me to let you and Joanne sleep in a bit this morning, since the raccoon woke you up, but a whole hour is pushing it. Joanne's already up and at it!"

Jayme rubbed the throbbing welts from last night, which were furiously protesting her morning wake-up call. Glancing down at her legs, Jayme tensed as she noticed the grass stains from last night. The only thing hiding them from Mamma's sight was the bed sheet she'd pulled loose by tumbling out of the wrong side of bed.

Mamma raised an eyebrow. "My, you're rubbing your bottom pretty hard. Still a bit tender from your spanking yesterday?"

Jayme felt a lump in her throat. "Wuh? What spanking? I was in bed last night!"

Mamma crossed her arms. "The spanking I gave you yesterday before breakfast, of course. I was worried I spanked you too hard, but if you've forgotten it already, perhaps I went too easy on you?"

"Oh! Of course, *that* spanking! Um...it still hurts a little bit, at the moment! But that spanking hurt plenty, I promise! I've learned my lesson about minced oaths!"

Mamma shook her head, but finally smiled and let out a soft sigh. "Well, I'm sorry for your pains. Mind you, I'm *not* sorry that I spanked your naughty little bottom, but I do feel sorry *for* your poor little bottom. Let's pray that you can get through the rest of the day without needing another reminder. I'm rooting for you!"

Jayne tensed as Mamma started to make her bed, pulling away the bedsheets that were hiding her pajama pant legs from inspection. One casual question about the grass-stains could easily expose Jayme's illicit escapade last night! Jayme pinched the bedsheet between her thighs. "Lemme' make my bed!"

Humming the tune of an old hymn, Mamma tugged the sheets free and turned her attention to straightening the bed. "Oh, I love helping you make your bed! You know what they say. Two people can do it four times as fast!"

Jayne nudged her thigh under her bed, hoping to hide the giant, obvious mud and grass stains in shadow. "Um...Poppa says I should be making my own bed now! To help me...build character?"

"*Liar, liar! Pants on fire!*" thought Jayme, cupping each of her fiery butt cheeks.

Mamma paused and looked down at her daughter, quizzically. Jayme felt a bead of sweat trickle down her back, right into her slightly exposed butt crack. Mamma sighed. "Hmm, that does sound like him. Very well, make your bed, then straight to morning chores. Don't dawdle, but don't be sloppy! There's a birthday girl visiting the stables after breakfast for her first lesson, and I've recommended you highly to her mother!"

"Yes'm!" Jayme mumbled as she flew to obey.

Mamma cooed from behind the bedroom door. "...Oh, and Jayme?"

Jayne froze like a doe. She felt a sudden desire to yank down her panties and confess her crime, exposing all in one fell swoop.

Mamma beamed. "Thanks for making sure Joanne was safe last night! I'm proud of you!"

"...Thank you, Mamma."

“...*Wut?*” thought Jayme, as Mamma closed the door behind her. Taking a calming breath, Jayme composed her thoughts as she made her bed. “That was weird...Okay, I’ve got to hide the grass stains on the pajamas. Can’t leave them here, Mamma could come collect them to fill out a load. Putting them in the hamper won’t work either, if she checks for stains. So, I’ll start a load with my pajamas in it, then start them drying after breakfast.”

Jayme flipped a quarter to see if it would bounce off the mattress. It didn’t quite work, but she decided to risk being spanked for improperly making her bed rather than risk being spanked for being late to morning chores and breakfast. Jayme winced as she pulled up her Levi jeans, then remembered her missing belt.

Going back to the woodshed in broad daylight to collect it was risky. No Schmidt child in their right mind liked to hang out there if they could help it, and it was hard to go anywhere on the ranch without being observed by at least one of her six curious siblings. Dad liked to work there on little wood-working and leather-working projects as a hobby, but the belt and hairbrush were hopefully tucked out of sight behind the saddle rack, even if he did use the woodshed today. Jayme grabbed her only other belt: a cheap, hot pink one from middle school that made her feel silly.

Jayme hid her muddy pajamas in a pile of other clothes, then ducked and dodged her way to the laundry room unobserved. “Crud, what’s the trick to get grass stains out? Is it bleach?” At the last moment, she remembered Mamma using the spray bottle marked “Vinegar” for grass stains, applied some to her PJ’s, and stuffed them into the washer.

Jayme started when she heard Mamma’s sing-song voice inches behind her, and lost her grip on the vinegar bottle. “Aw! Thank you for doing that, Jayme. Without even being asked! ...Woops!” Mamma caught the bottle deftly and closed the washing machine door shut. “Butterfingers!”

Outside, Jayme glanced furtively at the woodshed as she made her way to the stables, and found Joseph and Jessica delivering fresh hay to the last box stall. “Sorry I’m late!”

Joseph shrugged, then lifted up his Stetson cowboy hat with a single finger. “No big. We heard about your adventure last night.”

Jessica wrinkled her nose. “Pops only told us the short version. Tell us everything, and we won’t hold it against you!” Jessica shared Jayme’s dirty blond hair, but was a few inches shorter than her younger sister. However, thanks to Jessica’s natural curves, friends of the family always guessed correctly that Jessica was the older of the two.

Jayme looked left and right. “Where’s Joanne?”

Joseph pointed a thumb toward the chicken coop. “You should have seen her. Finished cleaning her stalls in record time and bolted off to feed the chickens, like...uh, like...”

Jessica revealed her slightly buck teeth in a sly grin. "Like a chicken with her head cut off?"

Jayne joined the banter as she helped return the empty hay buckets. "I don't think that metaphor works, Jess."

Joseph scratched his head. "Is it a metaphor? I thought it was called a simile."

Jessica touched her lip, pensively. "I thought it was called a pun."

The rest of the morning routine passed without incident, except that Joanne was not present to contribute her more barbed, sardonic wit to the Schmidt Siblings' Comedy Quartette.

In addition to the minor chores that all the Schmidt siblings shared, the four eldest (Joseph, Jessica, Jayme herself, and Joanne) were responsible for tending the chickens and cleaning the horse stables before breakfast. Jayme had taken a particular interest in caring for horses, and had the best summer job in the entire world: teaching little girls horse riding. There were two universal sources of income for a horse ranch: little girls wanting to pet a pony or horse for their birthday, and older girls wanting to train in one of the two schools of riding: Western or English. The oldest joke in the Schmidt family household was that Pops was a Western-style rider, Mamma an English-style rider, but they somehow managed to fall in love anyway.

Jayne had picked up both riding styles over the years, though she specialized in teaching Western classes for little girls, which freed up Pops for his more serious work: training horses and riders for the Silver Screen and The Golden Age of Television.

The need for expert horse riders had brought Hollywood to the midwest. Dad always joked that he could never remember if it was Netflix or HBO who'd needed expertly-trained horses for their cowboy picture, but he sure remembered the first check for his consulting fee.

As she made her way back home for breakfast with her older siblings, Jayme felt the woodshed looming in her peripheral vision. *"Strange? The door is still ajar? Pops must have forgotten to close it last night. If I just say I'm going to go shut the door real quick, that's not too suspicious, right? ...Oh, duh, I'd have to go in to grab the evidence, then walk out with a random belt and hairbrush. That won't work!"*

Then Jayme felt someone's eyes on the back of her head. Jessica had noticed what she was looking at. "Thinking about spankin's in the woodshed, Jayme? It's been, what, two years since your last trip? Pretty good run! I haven't been hauled out to the woodshed for three years. Maybe we can beat Joe's six year record, if he could just screw up for once!"

Joe imitated Bugs Bunny as he carefully took off his boots, so as not to track mud indoors. "Har dee har, har! I don't intend to let that record ever be broken!"

Jayme felt goosebumps. It was bad enough to worry about her own spankings, but she also got to bear witness to most of her siblings' spankings.

Joseph didn't even get "warning shot" spankings anymore, not because he was "too old for a spanking," but because he simply hadn't done anything to merit one since he was 13. Jessica still earned the occasional warning shots, and more rarely was taken to her room for a "serious talkin' to" spanking. A serious talk was your last chance to amend your bad behavior before it merited an official "Trip to the Woodshed."

In contrast, Jayme usually earned one to three "warning shots" a week, and needed to have a "serious talk" with Mamma or Poppa once a month or so. Joanne's goth/emo/punk attitude earned her just as many "warning shots" as Jayme did, but Joanne carefully avoided breaking any rule that merited more serious discipline.

Joseph chuckled as he watched Jayme hopping to pull off her cowgirl boots. "Jayme, you okay? You've been acting jumpy all morning!"

Jayme jumped straight up to attention, nearly at eye-level with Joseph. "M'not jumpy!"

Brushing off her siblings' color commentary, Jayme made a bee-line to the laundry room, just as the bell went, "Ding!" to signal the first load was finished! The grass stain on her PJ's had faded...slightly. Trying to be subtle, Jayme started the rest of the load drying, pulled out the sopping wet pajamas to apply more vinegar, and slipped them into the second load for the washer, humming the *Mission Impossible* theme song to calm her nerves.

Jayme felt a puff of air as she heard Mamma's voice breathing down her neck. "My goodness! Someone is determined to earn brownie points today! I may never have to spank you again!"

"Yikes!" Jayme nearly jumped out of her socks as Mamma snuck up behind her...again. In fact, one of Jayme's socks literally flew off as it caught on the toe of her other foot.

Mamma giggled. "Goodness! I must walk too softly. That's the second time I've startled you this morning!"

Scooping up the lone sock, Jame threw it in the washing machine and slammed the door shut behind her back. "Well, this load looks full! I'll just—"

Mamma's hand gently shooed Jayme away from the machine before she could press the button. "Jayme, your other sock, silly! Oh, let me. Really, it's sweet that you want to help, but I like to check everything for stains!"

Jayme felt her heart stop as she pulled off her second sock. As Mamma opened the door of the washing machine, the leg of her pajama pants flopped out, with the grass-stain front and center. "But, I want to help!"

Mamma took the second sock, spun Jayme around, and playfully whipped the sock across the seat of Jayme's pants. "No more 'buts'! Everytime I hear the word 'but,' I think about how I'd much rather hear the musical sound of a butt being spanked! Now, off with you!"

Out of the corner of her eye, Jayme caught sight of Mamma lifting the pant leg of her pajamas up by a single finger before flicking it back into the machine and tossing the sock after it with a flourish. "Oh, breakfast will get cold by the time I'm done. I'm sure you did a good job, Jayme. You're still Mamma's Little Helper!"

Jayme finally exhaled as she heard the washing machine hum behind them. *"That takes care of the pajamas! Just got to wait for a quiet time at the end of the day and slip out to the woodshed. I'm gonna' make it!"* she thought as she settled down at her seat at the table.

But the blisters on her lower sit-spots, left either by the wooden spatula, or her own self-spanking with the hairbrush or belt, caught her off guard as she rested her weight on the hard, straight-backed wooden chair. "G'huh!"

Jayme pulled up her knees, and sent her chair rocking as she gripped the edges. Everyone at the breakfast table stared at her. Jayme trembled as she felt Mamma's eyes peering deep into her soul. *"Oh, man! Is 'G'huh!' a minced oath? Am I gonna' get spanked again? She'll see the fresh marks when she pulls down my undies!"*

Pops broke the silence. "You *still* can't sit down comfortably, Jayme? Well, kids, remind me never to take the Lord's name in vain while your Mamma has a spatula within reach! I don't think my booty could take it!"

Jack and Jill snorted at the mention of the word 'booty' (words like 'ass' and even 'butt' were forbidden, but 'booties' and 'bums' still tempted them to fits of laughter). Joseph and Jessica laughed at the absurd mental image of Mamma spanking Poppa. (Everyone at the table knew that it was a Christian wife's duty to obey her husband! That's what the Bible said, after all!) The joke went over 6-year-old Juniper's head, but she started laughing because everyone else was laughing. Finally, even Mamma cracked a smile.

Jayme melted into her chair, no longer caring about her smarting sit-spots. She just loved her family so much! The thought of how much they all loved her—while she hid her deep, dark disgusting, dirty little secret from all of them—made her feel both horrible and wonderful.

Poppa cleared his throat. "Well, Joanne is late for breakfast, but I won't keep the rest of you waiting. I'll say grace."

Jayme did a double-take as she realized Joanne was missing from the seat next to her.

THWAM!

With a dense slam, the front door burst open and Joanne charged through it, her black hair flying behind her. She skidded to a halt to toss her moccasins to the shoe pile, but before she could dive bomb into her chair, Poppa practically froze her in mid-air with a stern look. "Joanne, do not slam doors, do not toss shoes, and do not pounce onto your chair like a tiger after its prey!"

Joanne stood at attention, a few strands of her hair flying akimbo as her long bangs flopped back down to hide half of her face. Today she was wearing a baggy black shirt with a grungy, full-sized image of the Crucifixion based on an old engraving by Gustave Dore. (It was very gothic, but also Christian and family-friendly!) She wore blackcurrant shorts with a deep-purple belt under the shirt, but the extra-large shirt was so loose-fitting it created the illusion she was pantless. "Sorry, Poppa, I was worried I was late to say grace."

Pops glanced at the grandfather clock. "It's 8:01. You are a minute late, Joanne. Next time you think you're going to be late, don't charge in like a Viking berserker. If you do that again, you will get a second spanking, in addition to the punishment you get for being late for breakfast. Is that understood?"

Joanne nodded. "Yes, sir! ...Does that mean I'm getting a spanking for tardiness?"

Poppa let the moment hang. Joanne was late, and late was unacceptable. She had received a "warning shot" spanking only last week for dawdling too long before breakfast. Joanne stood meekly, awaiting the verdict. Joanne knew she deserved to be spanked, and she was prepared to accept it without argument.

Satisfied, Pops nodded, "Well, I haven't started saying grace...so I'll show you grace. Have a seat, Sunshine."

Joanne brightened up. "Yes sir!" She planted a quick kiss on Poppa's cheek as she power walked to her empty seat next to Jayme.

Jayme bit her lip. *"Lucky duck! I'd probably get at least a 'warning shot' for that stunt. Oh, who am I kidding? I'd have sassed my way into two or three extra spankings, including a serious talkin' to in my bedroom!"*

They all bowed their heads as Pops blessed the meal. "Blessed are you, O Lord God, King of the Universe, for you give us food to sustain our lives and make our hearts glad..."

Jayme started to close her eyes, but felt Joanne nudging her leg under the table. Jayme peeked a wary eye open and saw Joanne raise both her eyebrows, knowingly. Jayme guessed Joanne was thinking, *"See? That's how it's done!"*

With a scowl, Jayme willed for Joanne to read her own mind. *"Knock it off, Joanne. You're already on thin ice! Are you trying to get me spanked? Is that your little game?"*

Poppa finished the prayer, "...Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

Everyone said amen, and the sounds of plates and silverware filled the room, precluding further conversation. The whole family worked a lot. The whole family needed to eat a lot.

For a blessed moment, Jayme forgot all about yesterday's spanking.

...

Eager to get started teaching horse riding, Jayme wolfed down the rest of her flapjacks. Mamma gave Jayme "The Mom Look." "Chew before you swallow, Jayme. If I have to save you from choking, you're going over my knee as soon as I'm finished giving you the Heimlich maneuver!"

Jayne sipped on her orange juice to help wash down the last of her breakfast. "Yes, Mamma. So, how old is my birthday girl?"

Mamma smiled mysteriously. "She's 10. Conelly Mording. You remember Conrad Mording? It's his little sister!"

Joanne smiled wickedly. "Conrad? You mean Jayme's babysitter?"

Jayne nearly choked on her orange juice, but fought down her gag reflex through sheer will power. "He was *not* my babysitter. We were *co-babysitters* for you!"

When Jayme was 11, she'd been left in charge of a 9-year-old Joanne for an evening, which resulted in disaster. After Joanne broke some minor house rule, Jayme took it upon herself to spank Joanne, only for an all-out brawl to erupt, which ended with Jayme hiding in the bathroom, while Joanne sat outside wielding an aluminum baseball bat. After that fiasco, Jayme was not permitted to spank any of her younger siblings without explicit approval from Mamma or Poppa, and 12-year-old Conrad was hired as a "co-babysitter."

Jayne and Conrad had been playmates in Sunday School, but they hadn't seen each other much since Conrad started high school a year before Jayme.

Joanne swirled the dregs of her orange juice at the bottom of her glass. "I seem to remember Poppa telling him he could spank you if you caused him any trouble."

Poppa chuckled as he bit into his breakfast sausage. "Now that you mention it, I did!"

Jayne felt her cheeks burning. "That was a *joke*. You were laughing when you said it, he laughed too!"

Poppa pretended to think hard about it. “Hmm, maybe it was a joke. But I don’t think you ever gave him any trouble, so it must have worked!”

Joanne winked at Jayme. “Better take good care of his sister today. If you screw up, Conrad might take Poppa up on his offer!”

Jayme’s fist twitched, but she controlled her instinct to deck Joanne. “Daddy! Tell her to quit teasing me!”

Joanne narrowed her eyes. “It’s just a little joke! Don’t be such a rabbit-ears!”

Pops set down his silverware and silenced both of his daughters with a look. “That’s enough, both of you.”

“Yessir!” squeaked both Jayme and Joanne.

Pops let the moment hang, waiting to see if either of them would defy him. Satisfied, he nodded. “Jayme, you can always choose to ignore Joanne’s ribbing. The more you react, the more fun you make it for her to tease you. Learn to take a joke in stride. As for you, Joanne, I want you on your best behavior while the Mordings are here. No embarrassing Jayme in front of her old friend. ‘Do unto others, as you would have them do unto you.’ Capiche?”

“Capiche!” answered both girls at once. After helping Mamma clear the table and wash the dishes, the Schmidt siblings were excused from the table to enjoy their second day of summer vacation.

On pins and needles, Jayme made her way to the stables to prepare for her first class of the summer. As she caught sight of the woodshed, she formed her plan of action for the day. *“Finish the horse lessons, then I’ll bring a saddle bag over to the woodshed. If anyone asks, I can say I need some spare reigns from the shed. Then I can throw the hairbrush and belt in the saddle bag, and bring it home. And no one’s the wiser!”*

There was a risk that Pops would use the woodshed for hobby work today, but as long as he didn’t look too closely behind the saddle rack, the damning evidence might escape his notice. Jayme took a calming breath. *“It’ll all be okay. Just concentrate on teaching your class!”*

Jayme heard the sound of stomping behind her, and turned to find Joanne, stumbling out of the front door, pulling on her cowgirl boots over her charcoal gray overalls. “I’m helping out at the stables today!” Joanne blurted out, as she ran to catch up.

Jayme narrowed her eyes. “Pops said you’re free for the day. What are you up to, Joanne? If you heckle me while I’m teaching a class, so help me—”

Joanne held up a hand as if saying the Pledge of Allegiance. "Yeah, yeah, you'll take me to the woodshed yourself to warm me up, before I get a licking from Poppa's belt! Look, I just want to help out! Honest! 'Do unto others,' and stuff!"

Jayne stiffened at the mention of the woodshed, before shaking her head. "Suit yourself. Help me get the corral ready. The girls will need the basic safety course, so I'll need a spare saddle for them to practice on."

Joanne spun on her heels and strolled toward the woodshed. "There's a saddle rack in the woodshed. I'll fetch it for you!"

"Nooo!!!" Jayme squealed as she grabbed the back straps of Joanne's overalls. Nearby, the chickens spooked at the noise and started squawking in protest. Jayme quickly let go of Joanne, then added, "Uh, I've got one out there already!"

Jayne prayed that she really did have a spare saddle rack at the stables. Joanne looked at her with annoyance, before shrugging. "Okee dokee! You're the boss, Hoss!"

Jayne sighed with relief when she found the spare saddle and rack in the storage room of the stables, and the two sisters set to work. For the next hour, Jayme was almost in heaven. Joanne bustled around the stables helping her do anything she asked, and Jayme finally forgot about the woodshed.

They both checked Sir Hamilton's hooves, and prepped his saddle. Jayme had taught the "How to Ride a Horse 101" class so many times, she could do it in her sleep. But no matter how many times Jayme did it, it never got old: seeing the expressions on the girls' faces as they rode a horse for the first time. Once she'd taught the girls the safety basics, she'd give each girl a turn to practice "longeing," walking the horse in a circle around the corral.

The birthday party arrived, and Jayme was relieved to see it was only a small group of five girls, between the ages of 9 and 12, led by Mrs. Mording, a stolid, middle-aged woman with sharp chestnut-colored hair. "All right, young ladies, be on your best behavior for Miss Schmidt!"

"Behave yourself?" thought Jayme. Whenever she was in the presence of someone her parents' age, Jayme had a habit of smartening herself up. It wasn't merely that she'd learned to "respect your elders" since infancy. Whether it was at church or school, Jayme would always imagine adults taking her across their knee for a spanking then and there, if she spoke out of turn. Mrs. Mording was no exception. Jayme fluttered her eyelashes to dispel the stupid vision of being spanked bare bottom by Mrs. Mording in front of all the girls.

"Yes, Mrs. Mording!" answered Conelly's birthday guests.

"Yes, Mama!" added Conelly, who shared her mother's chestnut colored hair.

“Anything I can do to help, Jayme?” asked a young man’s voice. Jayme twisted to find Conrad Mording leaning against the railing of the corral. He shared the same distinct rusty, red-black hair color with his mother and little sister. In the years since they’d played together after Sunday School at the First Reformed Baptist Church of Redfield, Jayme had grown two feet, so that she now towered six inches over Conrad.

Remembering the teasing remark about Conrad being her former-babysitter, Jayme’s eyes darted to Joanne, but Joanne watched silently.

Joanne smiled as if to say, *“See? I’m behaving myself!”*

Jayme adjusted her cowboy hat to hide her nerves, then turned her attention to her former co-babysitter. “Conrad? I’m good, just make sure your sister pays attention to the safety instructions!”

Conrad gave her a thumbs up. “You got it, Miss Schmidt. You hear that, Conelly? Turn on your listening ears!”

Conelly’s listening ears burned red as the other girls giggled behind her. “Conrad, I’m not a little kid anymore! I’m ten years old now!”

Conrad lifted Conelly’s pink cowboy hat and ruffled her hair, ignoring her cries of protest. “Staaaahp it!”

Conrad set the hat back down over Conelly’s eyes, then clapped his hands to silence the rest of the giggling birthday guests. “Okay, I’ll stop! You’re a big, grown-up girl, now! Hey! The rest of you, settle down!”

Connelly’s four girlfriends stood at attention. “Yessir, Mr. Mording!”

Based on the girls’ reaction, Jayme had a sneaking suspicion Conrad had babysat each of them at one point or another. She couldn’t help but wonder if he’d been granted spanking privileges.

Mrs. Mording cooed as she pinched her oldest son’s cheek. “Conrad volunteered to help me wrangle the littles, today. Don’t know what I’d do without having a man around to use the ‘Dad Voice’ on them!”

Now it was Conrad’s turn to look flustered. Jayme caught his eye, before he coughed and adjusted his hat. “Okay, let’s all listen to Miss Schmidt!”

As the girls started giggling again, Jayme put her fingers in her mouth and whistled shrilly to get their attention.

Conelly looked up at Jayme wide-eyed. “...Woah, I didn’t know people could whistle that loud!”

"Thank you, Mrs. Mording! ...Thank you, Conrad. Raise your hand if you want to ride a horse today!"

All the girls' hands shot up.

Jayme crossed her arms. "Okay, now raise your hand if you know how to check a saddle." The girls faltered and lowered their hands. "Well, I can't let you ride a horse until you know how to saddle it, so let's get to it!"

Having successfully gotten the girls' attention, Jayme's lesson progressed as usual. She walked each girl through the process on the saddle rack, then introduced the girls to the horses. Since Jayme was most used to riding Sir Hamilton, she escorted him to the corral.

Jayme carefully ignored the rack of antique horse whips and riding crops her parents owned. In the Hollywood business, historically-accurate props were a major commodity. She'd fantasized about spanking herself with each and every one of them in the past, but Jayme forced herself to concentrate on the task at hand. *"Can't think about spanking myself. Focus! You've got a job to do!"*

Joanne was suspiciously helpful, bringing Jayme anything she needed, and helping brush down Sir Hamilton to prepare him for the saddle.

Poppa had personally tamed Sir Hamilton, but the stallion still had bronco blood in his veins. Jayme understood his personality and loved his energy for barrel racing, but he could be a bit much for new riders. Jayme's plan was to use Sir Hamilton for her safety demonstration, then bring out a gentle mare for the girls to saddle and ride for the rest of the day.

She quizzed the girls as she attached the saddle to Sir Hamilton. "And who knows which way I put this on? ...Conelly!"

Conelly bounced on the balls of her feet, her hand in the air. "The horn goes by his head, on top of the...uh, the pocket?"

"That's right! The wither pocket is right here. It's easier to feel than to see. Who wants to feel it? ...Oh, everybody? Okay!"

After Jayme lifted each of the four girls in turn to feel the wither behind Sir Hamilton's shoulders, she turned to find Conrad had joined the group. Jayme beamed at him. "Want me to give you a lift, Shorty?"

Ignoring her jab at his height, Conrad lifted his hand and immediately found the wither on his own. "It's so smooth, I can barely see it. Is it different for the mares?"

Jayne beamed. "Horses are all as different as people are, but they all have one. Sir Hamilton here is a bit of a muscle-head so his is easier to feel!"

As if insulted, Sir Hamilton turned to glance at Jayme and snorted.

Conrad patted Sir Hamilton between the shoulder blades. "I think you wounded his pride."

Jayne shooed Conrad away as she cooed Sir Hamilton. "He's smart. He knows it's a compliment. You're a big muscle-head, yes you are!"

Conrad ushered his sister and her friends back behind the gate.

Jayne tightened and secured the straps, calling on girls to name each part of the saddle as she went, and made a point of double-checking the rings. Like she'd done a thousand times before, Jayme prepared to mount Sir Hamilton, easily securing her left boot in the stirrup as she prepared to kick her right leg up and over his back. "Now, it's a little scary, but you want to do it in one smooth—" As Jayme kicked up, the welts from the belt whipping she'd given herself last night stretched and flared up, "—motion?"

As she winced, the toe of her right boot kicked Sir Hamilton's hindquarter. The fact that Jayme had done this safety demonstration thousands of times only helped her appreciate what was happening, as it happened, in slow motion. Sir Hamilton bolted at the kick, and Jayme felt herself rolling backwards towards the ground, landing right on the seat of her pants. She felt something tugging at her left boot, and instinctively shielded her neck and face. She could make out the sound of girlish screams, felt sand scratching against the back of her neck, and knew she was being dragged. A boy's voice shouted, "Woah, there!"

With a quick twist of her foot, Jayme pulled her boot loose from the stirrup, and came to a halt. Her first thought was of Sir Hamilton. "Joanne! The bridle! Before he hurts himself!"

Jayne picked herself up to find, not Joanne, but Conrad running to calm Sir Hamilton and take the reins. "Woah! Easy there, fella!"

Jayne felt someone grasp her by the shoulders from behind, and saw Joanne had rushed to her side. "Anything feel broken?"

Jayne took a few deep breaths as she felt herself. Her shoulder was sore but nothing felt broken. But her ass was both throbbing and numb at the same time, and she realized it must have taken the brunt of both the fall and being dragged. Looking behind her, she guessed she'd been dragged at least 20 feet before shaking herself loose. Experimentally, Jame stretched her legs and tried to stand up. "Um...Joanne? Could you check...my pants?"

"Your pants? Hey! Quit trying to stand up! If something's broken you need to—"

Jayne tensed as she saw Conrad wave at her and start leading Sir Hamilton toward them by the reins. "Nothing's broken, Joanne, just check my pants! Please! Do it quick!"

Joanne opened her mouth to argue, then her eyes went wide with dawning comprehension as she spotted Conrad. "Oh! Your pants! Well, they look a bit...distressed?"

Jayne's hands flew towards her bottom, before she remembered that the whole point was to avoid attracting Conrad's attention to it. "Distressed? What does that mean?"

"You know, like, those jeans kids at school get with rips in them?"

"Crud! Is there a hole? Can they see my panties?" Jayme hissed. Mrs. Mording, Conelly, and the rest of the girls called her name as they circled the corral gate.

Joanne's head bobbed up and down as she tried to inspect Jayme's behind without making it obvious. "It's not a hole! It's more like it's...weathered? There's a little threadbare patch about--"

"Jayme? You okay?" called Conrad, as he approached them steadily.

Jayne stood at attention, towering over Conrad. "Good save, Conrad!"

"I jumped in the corral as soon as I saw him dragging you. But you got out of the stirrups on your own. That was amazing!"

Jayne reached for her cowgirl hat, hoping to hold it behind her back to cover the seat of her pants, only to discover her hat had gone flying off her head twenty feet away. Jayme felt Joanne brush up behind her and wondered if Joanne was trying to strategically place herself to hide the "little threadbare patch."

Too scared to turn around, Jayme coughed and accepted the reins from Conrad. "No! You did great! If a horse spooks and goes running, they can catch their reins on something and hurt themselves...you're my hero!"

Conrad blinked, then patted Jayme on the shoulder. "Oh? Glad I could help! Guess I was just in the right place at the right time!"

Trying to side-shuffle around Sir Hamilton to keep her rear out of view, Jayme turned to face Mrs. Mording, Conelly, and the rest of the birthday party girls. "All right. Who can tell me what I did wrong there?"

...

After finishing the safety lecture, Jayme excused herself to return Sir Hamilton back to his box, and took an opportunity to inspect the seat of her pants. Sure enough, it looked a bit razzled,

but it was intact. After feeling the “little threadbare patch” Jayme argued with herself about whether it was worth running home to change into fresh jeans. “Whatever, I already look like an ass. If they notice it...serves me right for not paying attention.”

After Jayme brought out Peace, their gentlest, mildest mare, the girls got to brush and saddle her. Some of them were nervous about riding after Jayme’s unforgettable safety demonstration, but Conelly volunteered to go first, and they all were able to mount and ride Peace without incident.

Jayme felt like kicking herself for the entire lesson. But Conelly surprised her with a hug, thanking her for “The Best Birthday Ever,” and Mrs. Mording promised to bring Conelly back for regular riding lessons in the future.

Joanne pretended to whisper in Conelly’s ear, but made sure her whisper was loud enough for Jayme to hear, “First lesson: don’t fall off your horse!”

Jayme imagined clothesline tackling Joanne to the ground, but then imagined herself getting a well-deserved spanking for starting a fight. Remembering how Joanne had come to her aid before, Jayme willed herself to ignore Joanne’s barbs. “Second lesson: don’t screw around!”

Conrad turned to tip his hat to her. “Thanks Jayme. Thanks Joanne! Conelly had a great time.”

Jayme felt her mouth moving of its own accord. “Thanks, Conrad, I had a great time too!”

“...I had a great time too? What the heck does that mean?” thought Jayme. Joanne made it worse by side-eyeing her.

Conrad chortled. “Heh. Well, that makes three of us! See you at school, Jayme!”

...

At lunch, Pops fixed Jayme with a look of mock sternness. “So I hear you took a nasty fall today. What happened? You weren’t screwing around were you?”

Jayme hung her head, not because she felt Pops was angry with her, but only because of how stupid she still felt. “No, sir! I just flubbed the mount.”

Joanne interjected. “I saw the whole thing. Jayme wasn’t messing around, it could have happened to anyone!”

Pops nodded. “Thanks for sticking up for your sister, Joanne!”

Accidents happened at a horse ranch, but “No Screwing Around” was an iron-clad rule. When Jayme was 13, she’d playfully slapped her rear end while racing Joanne, only to lose her footing

and fall backwards off her horse. That incident had resulted in a “serious talking to” in her bedroom. First, she’d laid across Poppa’s lap to endure a spanking from one of the old, reliable hand paddles across her jeans. Then, Mamma had opted to use a more creative implement: a horse brush, which she strapped to her palm before ordering Jayme to bare her butt and get across her knee. The stiff bristles from the brush had prickled and stung like mad. While there were a few consistent implements, Mamma and Poppa didn’t hesitate to grab a “weapon of opportunity” whenever the need arose.

Jayme was pretty sure she wouldn’t be spanked for making an innocent mistake, but the memory haunted her anyway. *“Of course, if I hadn’t spanked myself yesterday, I probably wouldn’t have screwed up the mount, so in a way, it is my fault!”* Jayme thought privately.

In her heart of hearts, she prayed for Pops to order her to lay across his lap to get the spanking she deserved, right then and there. Instead, Pops put a supportive hand on her shoulder. “Well, I’m glad you’re alright, Firecracker.”

Jayme savored Mamma’s meatloaf, looking forward to her summer afternoon. Having finished her lessons, Jayme was free for the rest of the day.

Juniper made a fuss about eating her green beans, and after spitting one out, was unceremoniously pulled across Mamma’s lap for six firm swats with the wooden spatula.

Mamma seated Juniper right back in her seat at the table and pointed emphatically. “Now you sit there and clean your plate, and no spitting, or I’m taking you to your room for a ‘serious discussion’ next.”

Juniper wailed and sniffled, but more from sorrow than from the pain. After finishing her green beans, she was congratulated and offered dessert. With that, Juniper was back to her old self, as if the spanking had never happened.

“Good job, Juniper! I knew you could do it!” cheered Jack.

“Now you get ice cream, which is so much nicer than a bare-bottom spanking!” observed Jill.

As Joseph fetched the mail, he announced that their final grade reports had arrived from Redfield Christian School. Jayme noticed that Joanne’s eyes went wide at this news, at least the single eye that wasn’t hidden behind her lanky hair.

Pops accepted the envelopes, each stamped with the school seal. “Perfect! Let’s see what you kids learned this year!”

Jayme spotted the rack of spanking implements on the kitchen wall, still remembering her trip to the woodshed from her freshman year in painful detail. Hopefully, no one would need to learn an additional lesson today.

“Jayme...A-plus in Bible class, as expected. A’s in Honors English, Home Ec, P.E., Spanish. An A-minus in Chemistry and History...and a B-plus in Algebra?”

Jayme kicked herself at the mention of “B-Plus.” She’d hoped to bring that class up to an A-minus after her final exam. *“I could have studied harder! I deserve a paddling!”* she thought.

With a nod of approval, Pops handed Jayme’s report card to Mamma. “Great job, Jayme. That’s two years in a row of a solid A average.”

Mamma used one of Juniper’s alphabet magnet tiles to display Jayme’s grades on the refrigerator with a big, red letter A.

“Next...Joanne! I see we have a B-plus in Bible, B’s in English, History, and Physical Science...An A-plus in Art class, great job! An A-minus in Geometry...you had a study hall, and...a C-plus in Home Ec?”

Joanne swallowed. Earlier in the school year, she’d been sent home with D’s in Home Economics and a note describing her “unhelpful attitude” in class. That had resulted in a “serious talking to” in her room, and she’d been threatened with a trip to the woodshed next if she didn’t improve her work ethic. “I really tried to get that one up, but I sort of...burned the muffins on my final exam. She said everything else was solid except for that!”

Pops considered the grades. “Well, I already spanked you once for Home Ec...and you did improve quite a bit over the year. Great work, Joanne. I think this deserves a place on the fridge too!”

Mom used a yellow B-magnet to pin Joanne’s grade report in place.

Pops read through Jack and Jill’s report cards, offering warm praise. The elementary school didn’t use the traditional letter grade system for Juniper’s first grade class, but she received a note indicating she was either on track or exceeding expectations in all her subjects. All three letters quickly found a proud place on the fridge. “Joseph, I already saw your transcripts from Calvin College. No spanking for you, but also nothing to put on the fridge, I’m afraid!”

Joseph leaned back in his chair. “Aw, bummer!”

Although Jayme and Joanne were frequently reminded that, “You’re never too old for a good spanking,” they suspected that Joseph had successfully outgrown spanking by virtue of the fact that he had never done anything to merit one since his last trip to the woodshed, six years ago.

Pops reached for the final envelope. “That leaves us with...Jessica!”

But Jessica snatched up the envelope and opened it first. Jayme had a strange feeling Jessica was trying to be nonchalant, and failing badly. “Oh, not too bad! One of my final exams was rough, but overall—”

“Jessica, no need for the pre-game analysis. Let me see.”

Jessica’s freckles stood out in sharp contrast with her pale face as she handed over the report.

Pops read it silently, breaking his custom of commenting on each subject in turn. “Jessica, how did you manage to get a C-minus in Bible class? That’s down from a B-plus on your last report card. What happened?”

Jessica faked a laugh as she rested her arm on the table. “Funny story, the final exam sort of threw me for a loop. See, I thought we were doing a take-home exam, so I prioritized cramming for all my other classes, so imagine my surprise when—”

“You bombed your final exam? Hold on, I remember you explicitly telling me you were all caught up when you went to the Senior movie night with your classmates.”

Jessica’s lip trembled as she looked from her Poppa to her Mamma, then to each of her siblings in turn. Jayme felt Jessica’s pain as she met her eyes, but what could she do?

Jessica forced herself to keep a stiff upper lip, subconsciously switching from speaking casually to being strictly formal. “That wasn’t a lie, sir! I thought I was caught up, because I was under the assumption I’d have a take-home exam. I only found out it wasn’t a take-home exam the day before, and I spent all night cramming, remember?”

“This is Mr. Jones’ Bible class? What gave you the impression that you were going to get a take-home exam? Did he tell you that, then change his mind later?”

Jessica froze, then took a deep breath. “No sir. I don’t think he said anything about it being a take-home exam. I think I heard Marcie say something about him doing take-home exams this year, and just...assumed?”

“Well, you assumed incorrectly. And that was no reason to procrastinate on studying until the last day before your final exam.”

Jessica’s voice went shrill, and she forgot to keep a defiant tone out of her voice. “Well, I’m *sorry*, Daddy! I just studied so hard for all my other subjects, that one class sort of fell by the wayside!”

Usually, the Schmidt children all called their father “Poppa.” The girls only called him “Daddy” as a cute baby name...or to willfully tease him, long after the joke ceased to be funny. It had only taken a few spankings to stop the latter usage.

Poppa set down Jessica's grade report, so that she could see it, and folded his hands on the table. "You've got a bad case of 'Senioritis,' Jessica. That 'one class' is Bible class, which is the heart of the curriculum. And you've got a B-minus average overall, so if you sacrificed Bible class to study for your other classes, I'm not seeing it. You had an A average Junior year. What do you have to say for yourself?"

"Don't do it, Jessica! He's giving you an out! Just apologize and promise to do better! Don't 'pull a Jayme' and make it worse!" thought Jayme.

Unfortunately, Jessica couldn't read Jayme's mind. "What's the big deal? I've graduated! I'm already accepted to college...on scholarship! They aren't going to rescind the offer!"

Poppa stood up slowly. "They might have, Jessica, if you'd failed to graduate high school at the last minute. And you came within a hair's breadth of doing just that. Go to your room. I'll be along to speak with you shortly."

Jessica quailed. "You're gonna...give me a spanking?"

"We don't have to discuss that here, in front of your siblings, if you don't want to, Jessica."

Jessica's buck-teeth flashed as she bared her fangs. Jayme always had the impression that Jessica was a cross between Dolly Parton and a rather irate but voluptuous squirrel. "Hold on! That's not fair! Joanne got a C-plus, and she's not getting spanked! You put *her* up on the fridge."

Joanne sank into her chair, silently wishing to be left out of this argument.

Poppa's voice wasn't angry, but it had a controlled edge that Jessica recognized. "Joanne was spanked once already for poor grades, and made the effort to raise her worst grade from a D-minus to a C-plus, and improved all her grades across the board. You have not been spanked because you started the year off with an A average, which you managed to blow up in your last semester in high school. It's not the grades themselves, it's your *attitude* that merits a spanking. Now, I'm giving you a choice, Jessica. We can discuss your attitude in the privacy of your room, or I can give you a spanking right here in the kitchen, *before* I take you to the woodshed. Which will it be?"

Jayme saw the flash of fury in Jessica's eyes, before reason prevailed. "I...I'm sorry, Poppa. Please don't take me to the woodshed."

Pops pointed towards Jessica's room. "I don't want to do that, if I don't have to. March straight to your room, Jessica. Your mother and I will be along shortly."

Jessica's face said everything. She knew she was doomed, but Jayme had a feeling Jessica was trembling with relief, not fear, at the news she would at least be spared a trip to the woodshed. Spankings were a daily occurrence in the Schmidt household, but no one earned a trip to the woodshed without working hard to earn one. You practically had to ask for a trip to the woodshed, and the whole purpose of the trip was to make sure you wouldn't ask for another anytime soon.

The squeak of Jessica's chair against the floor broke the stony silence, and Jessica sniffled as she tried to hold her head high and march to her room. She was 18-years-old, and she knew she had a bare-bottom spanking to look forward to. Thanks to her arguing, Jessica didn't even have the dignity of pretending she wasn't about to be spanked. All her siblings would have easily guessed her fate anyway, but at least she could have had plausible deniability.

Pops sighed. He *hated* having to punish any of his precious children. "Jack, Jill, Juniper, go outside and play. Jayme, Joanne, you girls need anything out of your room?"

Jayme snapped to attention, as she heard her name called. "Oh! I was going to do some reading today. Get a jump start on my summer book report?" In fact, Jayme had made no such plans today, but for some strange reason, she didn't feel like procrastinating on her homework for another minute.

Poppa nodded. "Go get what you need. I suspect you'll want to read outside, so as not to be interrupted."

Jayme and Joanne nodded, understanding they were being politely ordered out of the house. Spankings were no state-secret, but Poppa clearly didn't want to add any extra humiliation to Jessica's ordeal.

As Jayme passed by Jessica's bedroom, she caught a glimpse of her older sister weeping softly on her bed through the cracked door. A small, nasty voice at the back of Jayme's head urged her to pretend to be slow finding her book, so that she could stay and eavesdrop on the start of the spanking, but Jayme told the Devil to shut up.

Walking on autopilot, Jayme scooped up her favorite book, *Anne of Green Gables*, before remembering that she'd already written a book report on that one. Looking at the pile of great books for next year's English class, she grabbed a thick one from the top of the pile. It had a sticky note from Mamma recommending it highly, but Jayme didn't bother to examine the cover.

Jessica's weeping had given away to ugly sobbing by now, and as Jayme whipped out the hallway and through the kitchen, she couldn't help but overhear a bit of Mamma and Poppa's whispered discussion.

"...don't think she needs the belt, do you, Poppa?"

"No, but I am using the hand paddle."

"Oh, of course that, at least! We need to nip this in the bud before she starts college."

"If you give her a warm up, that will give Jess time to calm herself down and steel herself up for the paddle. Think you could do that, Mamma?"

Mamma rolled up her sleeves. "I hate to do it, but I can and I will!"

Jayne threw on her moccasins and stepped outside, before flopping down one of the front porch chairs with her assigned reading.

"*Crime and Punishment* by Fyodor Dostoyevsky?" recited Jayme as she examined the cover. "Why do I get the feeling I'm going to relate to this book, somehow?"

From within the house, Jayme could make out the muffled sounds of slaps, and Jessica's cries of pain as Mamma administered what was surely only the warm-up spanking. Curse this house's thin walls! Jayme hadn't gone far enough away.

Ahead of her, she saw the woodshed, which Jessica had so narrowly avoided. Jayme muttered to herself, "Jeepers! If Poppa *had* taken her to the woodshed, he'd have moved everything around. He could have..."

Jayne trailed off as she caught sight of Joanne, resting against the railing on the opposite side of the porch. Not within earshot of Jayme, but probably within earshot of the half-muffled sounds of Jessica's spanking.

Jayne and Joanne's eyes met. Something about the look in Joanne's eyes bothered Jayme. "*Does she think I'm trying to listen in on Jessica's spanking? Well, I'm not really, and even if I am, she's doing it too, right?*"

As the claps of Mamma's hand spanking built to a steady rhythm, and Jessica's yelps and promises and apologies all melted into a long, trailing wail, Jayme kicked up her heels and opened her book.

Jayne spent the next few minutes staring at the title page as she overheard most of Jessica's spanking. Finally, there was a pause, and Jayme turned to Chapter 1. "On an exceptionally hot evening early in July a young man came out of the garret in which he lodged..."

The dense crack of a hand-paddle against the bare backside of a B-average student broke the silence, and Jessica's screams renewed with fresh pleas for mercy. Jayme guessed from experience that Jessica would get 36 whacks from the implement, the number of strokes equal to twice her age in years, assuming Jessica behaved herself and endured the spanking bravely.

After exactly 36 swats, the sounds of the paddling disappeared. The walls were just thick enough to hide any sounds of Jessica's penitent tears, additional parental lecturing, or words of comfort that surely followed the chastisement. Jayme stared at the first sentence of *Crime and Punishment* for another few seconds before tossing it aside. "Screw it, I'll do my homework tomorrow."

As Jayme flipped to a random page of *Anne of Green Gables*, not caring where she started, she glanced up at the woodshed. Twisting on her seat, Jayme felt the lingering welts on her sit spots buzzing softly. "It should have been me..."

[End of Chapter 3]

Saddle Sore
Chapter IV: Sharing Our Pains

As Jayme flipped through *Anne of Green Gables*, she whispered her favorite words from memory, quoting the character of Mrs. Rachel Lynde: “But if you’ll take my advice—which I suppose you won’t do, although I’ve brought up ten children and buried two—you’ll do that ‘talking to’ you mention with a fair sized birch switch. I should think THAT would be the most effective language for that kind of a child. Her temper matches her hair I guess...”

Jayme remembered the electric feeling of reading those words for the first time, and had quickly guessed the implication: *Anne of Green Gables* was going to get a spanking. Back then, Jayme had wanted to highlight the passage, but had thought better of it. What if someone else read this copy of the book and noticed the strange tendency for every mention of spanking to be marked? Jayme still remembered her strange mix of relief, and disappointment, when a few pages later, Anne’s adopted mother, Marilla, had decided against spanking Anne.

At the sound of a splash, Jayme looked up and spotted Jack and Jill, taking turns jumping in the puddle near the woodshed. What if they went inside to poke around? Jayme took a controlled breath. She was worrying over nothing. As long as no one earned a trip to the woodshed by tonight, she was in the clear.

Absent-mindedly, Jayme flipped through her book, and saw how it opened naturally to the same few pages, the ones she had poured over, again and again: “The amiable suggestion of the birch switch—to the efficiency of which all of Mrs. Rachel’s own children could have borne smarting testimony—did not appeal to Marilla...”

As a youngster, Jayme had found herself arguing with Marilla. How could Marilla *not* spank Anne for throwing a temper tantrum? How could *any* kid throw a temper tantrum, and not get spanked?

It had annoyed little Jayme enough to spark a whole conversation at dinner. Mamma and Pops had explained that, strangely, some parents preferred other punishments over spanking, such as timeouts. And even more bizarre, some parents choose not to spank at all? This revelation had blown the minds of the younger Schmidt children. Some mommies and daddies didn’t spank their kids?

“But why? When I sin, you *have* to spank me, and put me in timeout, because you love me. Don’t they love their kids enough to spank them for being bad? How is anyone s’posed to remember to be good without spankings?” little Jayme had asked.

At the time, Mamma and Pops had chuckled at Jayme, and called her “precocious.” Poppa had sat Jayme on his lap and explained everything calmly. “We hate having to spank you, but when we have to, we spank you because we want you to grow up into a good woman. Some parents

don't know that's what they're supposed to do to help their kids learn to be good. It doesn't mean they don't love their kids, they just have...*incorrect* notions. They're mixed-up."

In the present, Jayme muttered under her breath. "Mixed-up..."

Jayme swallowed as she noticed how her copy of *Anne of Green Gables* naturally fell open to every potential allusion to spanking, every missed opportunity.

First, it opened, seemingly at random, to the chapter where Anne mistakenly served wine instead of strawberry cordial to her friend Diana Barry, and thus accidentally got Diana drunk. And there it was: the paragraph where Marilla announced, "I just told her plainly that currant wine wasn't meant to be drunk three tumblerfuls at a time and that if a child I had to do with was so greedy I'd sober her up with a right good spanking."

But that just didn't make sense! Marilla didn't spank Anne earlier, because Marilla thought she couldn't bring herself to hit a child. Did this mean that, if Anne had accidentally drunk three tumblerfuls of wine, Marilla would have spanked her, too? But in that case, why didn't Marilla spank Diana, in order to "sober her up"? And did Diana ever get spanked by Mrs. Barry, off screen?

Sure, *Anne of Green Gables* was Jayme's favorite book in the entire world, but it was as if L.M. Montgomery had written this entire book, just to tease Jayme.

Jayme thumbed the pages, and sure enough, it fell open to yet another cherished scene: where Anne had cracked her slate over Gilbert Blythe's head for teasing her about her red hair. Surely, that had to result in a spanking. But, no, Anne had only been sent to stand at the front of the class, with the words, "Ann [sic.] Shirley has a nasty temper. Ann Shirley must learn to control her temper," written in chalk behind her.

Jayme grumbled. After all these years, Jayme still felt the exact same way whenever she reread this chapter. "'Anne would have infinitely preferred a whipping to this punishment under which her sensitive spirit quivered as from a whiplash.' ...See, even Anne agrees with me that she deserves it. Girl's just begging for a good, hard, bare-bottom spank--"

Joanne appeared at Jayme's shoulder. "How's the book?"

Jayme started, and the book flew out of her hands, bounced off the window with a tink before it flopped to the floor with a sharp flap. "Will you *quit* sneaking up on me?"

Joanne ducked reflexively, then chuckled. "Sorry, I must have been a ninja in a past life."

Jayme's face flushed scarlet. "Jo, there's no such thing as past lives. The Bible says that--ooch!"

As Jayme reached to retrieve the book, she flinched as she felt the blisters from her self-inflicted spanking stretch, agonizingly, across the bruises from falling off her horse and right onto her ass this morning.

When she noticed Jayme's hand faltering, Joanne snatched up the book, and flipped through it playfully, the pages falling open to the same few spots every time. "Well, what if I was a *naughty* ninja, and God's judgment was that I have to be reincarnated as a non-ninja, who gets spankings as karmic justice for my former, murderous, pagan ninja lifestyle?"

Jayme winced as she snatched the book back from Joanne, then dusted off the well-worn cover. "We get just one life... 'And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment: so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many...' Don't you care about what God's Word says?"

Joanne crossed her arms. "Hey, I love the Bible. I believe in the Bible, I just... I enjoy entertaining *alternative* theories."

"Why not try explaining some of your 'alternative theories' to Mamma and Pops? I dare you! If you're entertaining heresy, you could use a good spanking."

Joanne flicked her bangs out of her eyes. "Sure I do, but not for that. Oh, and I'll have you know: I *did* ask Pops about reincarnation. I ask him about Bible stuff all the time. You should try it. He knows all sorts of cool stories. Sex. Violence. Betrayal. Church history is metal."

"May I read my book in peace?"

Joanne raised an eyebrow. "Just want some peace and quiet to read your book with the musical accompaniment of Jessica's ongoing spanking?"

Jayme flushed and looked toward the front door, straining her ear. "Shush! We aren't supposed to be eavesdropping on Jessica. And anyway, it's all over now."

"Really? How do you know?"

Jayme caught her breath. "Okay, I wasn't *trying* to listen in. I came here to read my book, and then I heard the... noises, so I tried to bury myself in my book and block it out. Happy?"

Joanne held her hands up in surrender. "Woah, Easy Eddie! I wasn't accusing. I had the same thing happen to me. Thought I was far enough away, but then... it's these bloody thin walls. Every time we get spanked, even if it's theoretically in private, it's still public knowledge."

Jayme pretended to bury her nose in her book, then noticed she'd flipped it upside down. "Yeah well, that's life. *C'est la vie*."

Joanne put her hands in her back pockets. "...Do you ever think that we get spanked an awful lot? I mean, compared to other kids?"

Jayne swallowed. She had been thinking about that daily for several years. "All the girls at church still get spanked."

Joanne rested her seat against the arm of Jayme's chair. "...The kids at public school didn't."

At this, Jayme's ear twitched, and she finally put away her book. "Those witchcraft girlfriends of yours sure needed it. Feeling nostalgic for public school?"

As Joanne's nostrils flared, Jayme realized that she'd struck a nerve. Though this didn't give Jayme any satisfaction, she also couldn't help but feel it was about time that she scored a point on Joanne.

Three years ago, when Joanne had been preparing to go to junior high, she had argued, insistently and incessantly, to be put in public school instead of Redfield Christian School. To all the Schmidt children's surprise, after many heated arguments and spankings for Joanne, their parents had finally relented. Joanne had spent exactly one semester in public school, before she'd wound up getting caught at a party with high school kids...and alcohol. "No, and those psychos weren't my friends. They were *never* my friends. I'm just saying, most kids stop getting spanked around age 12, assuming they ever got spanked at all. Even the kids at Redfield Christian. Ever had to strategically hide a red butt in the girl's locker room? We're the ones in the minority."

Jayne sighed. "Okay, so what's your point? You think it's unfair? Think your butt should be the only one that's spared, not bared? We could make you a protest sign, see how that goes!"

Joanne rubbed her forehead. "That's my whole point. I *don't* think it's unfair. Not once, in my entire life, have I gotten a real spanking if I didn't deserve it. I don't really care about the reminder spankings. They're annoying, but whatever. But, like, the real deal, with the hairbrush or paddle in my room, or...the woodshed? Every single one of those, I know I earned."

Jayne sniffed. "Finally, you're talking sense."

Joanne's eyes flashed, and she barely caught herself from shouting. "Would you, *freakin'*...quit teasing me, for *three* seconds?"

Jayne gestured to her book. "What are you talking about? You're the one teasing me."

Joanne started to roll her eyes, before very deliberately pausing the gesture. Every Schmidt child had memories of a "serious talk" for eye-rolling. "Whatever. Have fun with your book."

As Joanne turned away, Jayme suddenly felt like a heel. "*What would Jesus do?*" she thought.

Jayme bounded like a deer to catch up with Joanne. "Wait, Jo? Hold your horses! ...I'm sorry. I thought you were just trying to push my buttons, so I tried pushing your buttons, and...I was wrong."

Joanne bristled. Finally, Joanne held out a hand, and Jayme shook it. Then Joanne grinned like a fox. "Remember the time I got busted at the kegger party?"

As they finished the handshake, they started strolling alongside one another. Jayme chuckled. "Do I? I can *not* believe Dad didn't haul your butt out to the woodshed, after the cops brought you home."

"See? This is what I was trying to get at. I was sure I was doomed. The woodshed, probably a year's worth of bare-bottomed bedtime spankings to act as reinforcement. Then Mom and Dad took me to my room..."

Jayme carefully controlled her face to hide any hint of interest, willing herself to just let Joanne keep talking. "...and they actually *listened* to my side of the story. About me not knowing about the alcohol."

Jayme was tempted to make a sarcastic remark, but changed her mind. "Yeah, *sure* you didn't...I mean, how didn't you notice? Doesn't alcohol...taste strong?"

Jayme's only experience with alcohol was communion wine.

Joanne kicked a rock on the gravel road. "The party guys said it was a Diet Coke. I was stupid. Like, duh, I knew *they* were all drinking alcohol, but I didn't know people put alcohol in pop. Then I felt funny, so...I called Pops."

Jayme felt equally impressed and skeptical. "Really? I didn't know you did that...Wait, didn't the cops bring you home?"

"They broke up the party while I was still on the phone. Pops says my scream nearly gave him a heart attack."

Jayme nodded. "Oh, yeah! Wow, you just unlocked a memory. Mamma was crying about you going to jail, we all thought you'd been shot or something..."

Jayme stiffened as she remembered something else. Earlier that same week, 14-year-old Jayme had been hauled out to the woodshed for her abysmal mid-term grade report for freshman year. Thanks to Jayme's smart mouth, she'd earned herself an additional week of bedtime spankings to act as reinforcement. Jayme had still been nursing her wounds, and awaiting her next bedtime spanking in her pajamas, when the catastrophe had struck.

Jayme stuck her hands in the back pockets of her jeans. "So, because you didn't know it was alcohol, they let you off without the trip to the woodshed? What'd you get, the hairbrush?"

At this question, Joanne suddenly became more sheepish. "...Actually, they were just going to let me off, without the spanking."

Jayme paused walking, positive she had misheard. "...No spanking?"

"Yeah, I couldn't believe it either. Pops said that because I hadn't intentionally gotten drunk, it was a mistake, not deliberate disobedience. And he believed me about the witches telling me it was just a regular study party, before they stranded me there. I was stupid not to call him right away, but—no, he didn't say 'stupid.' Oh, yeah! He said I was 'naive,' but, being naive isn't a sin, and I did the right thing once I found out I'd been drinking alcohol...so..."

Jayme nodded. "So, no spanking."

Joanne shuffled her feet, glancing at the woodshed. "Kinda. I felt so guilty, I actually talked them into giving me a bedtime spanking for being dumb about not calling sooner. But they only gave me a 'gentle reminder.' It barely hurt, but it was...comforting, somehow?"

Jayme followed Joanne's line of sight, spotting the woodshed. "If you say so."

"You've never asked Mamma or Pops for a spanking, if you thought you deserved one?"

Jayme shook her head. "Not unless you count me upgrading myself to a 'serious talking to' as asking for it."

Then the sight of the woodshed triggered a memory. With all the excitement over the cops detaining Joanne, Mamma and Pops had forgotten to give Jayme her bedtime spanking that night. Jayme had laid awake in bed that night, waiting for her turn, dreading the sound of a knock on her bedroom door, desperate to go knock on her parents' door herself and remind them to spank her...to just get it over with...but Jayme hadn't had the guts.

Jayme snapped out of her reminiscence as she heard Joanne giggle. Joanne bushed her bangs aside, and flashed a Mona Lisa smile. "Heh, you certainly do that a lot! It's almost as if..."

Jayme looked back at Joanne. Something about Joanne's smile reminded Jayme of the farm cat playing with a captive mouse. "What?"

Joanne spun on her heels and ambled back toward the house. "Nothing. I was going to tease you about you getting spanked some more, but I've decided to be nice. Thanks for hearing me out, Jayme. It's weird, I can talk to Mom and Dad about anything, even embarrassing stuff, but talking to you...well, it's nice to know I'm not the only kid in the world who still gets spanked. Poor Jessica, she was *that* close to winning a trip to the woodshed."

Jayne finally relaxed. Of course, just because Joanne was interested in the woodshed, that didn't necessarily mean anything. The woodshed had a haunting quality for all the Schmidt siblings. Jayme only wished she had remembered to retrieve her effects from the woodshed earlier, before the catastrophic horse riding lesson.

Now there were far too many potential witnesses. She overheard Jack and Jill giggling, and saw they were now taking turns hosing each other off.

Jayne caught up with Joanne. "I hope she didn't earn any extras. Jessica is my favorite older sister, after all."

Joanne winked at Jayme. "Mine too."

Unoffended, Jayme chuckled. That had been her and Joanne's favorite shared joke since their toddler years. As they took off their shoes at the entrance, Jayme and Joanne whispered about their theories on Jessica's spanking. The moment they rounded the corner, they noticed Jessica, sitting on a 4-legged stool in the living room, reading her Bible. It was unmistakably an old-fashioned time-out. "...Bad sign," whispered Jayme.

Jessica was wearing a pair of hand-knitted hand-me-down pajamas, which Jayme instantly recognized. They had been handed down from Granma to Mamma, then from Mamma to Jessica, before being handed down from Jessica to Jayme. Two growth spurts later, and Jayme had wildly outgrown the pajamas, so they were handed back up to Jessica, who always found them wildly comfortable. They were a one-piece design with a simple floral pattern and a buttoned-up drop seat, meant for a young child. But Granma had left them with plenty of extra room for "growing into," and Jessica had quite never managed to outgrow them. Joanne tipped an imaginary cowboy hat, imitating Pop's gruff voice. "Hey there, Chipmunk. How you holdin' up?"

Smiling, Jessica shifted on her seat to face Joanne and Jayme, folding her Bible in her lap. "Hello, Sunshine. Howdy, Firecracker."

Jayne's throat tightened as she remembered the times she'd been sent to bed early wearing those exact same pajamas. "...You okay, Jessica?"

Jessica fidgeted. "It was a hot one. I was pretty squirrely at the start, so I earned an extra-long hand spanking for the warmup. But Pops said I took the paddling well, so I didn't get any extra paddle swats. We had a great talk afterwards. Still stings a little, but I'm feeling much better now."

Jayne nodded. "So, why the PJs? Are you still in hot water?"

Jessica dusted off her shoulder, looking oddly proud of herself. "Ah, I put these on myself. Since I was so close to a trip to the woodshed, Mamma and Pops said I'm on probation. I have to reread all the chapters of the Bible I skimmed over last semester, and write an essay this summer, but that's no biggie. It really helps me think, while..."

Joanne finished Jessica's sentence for her. "...while you're stuck in time out?"

Jessica thumbed the pages of her Bible nervously. "...Yeah, that's part of my probation. When we talked about the punishment and whether it was fair...we agreed I'd get a bedtime spanking tonight. So, now I've got something to look forward to!"

Joanne whistled. "Man, when it comes to spanking, Mamma and Pops do nothing by halves! I'm surprised you're so calm."

Jessica looked flattered. "It was my idea, actually. I figured since I didn't get the woodshed, a bedtime spanking was the least I deserved."

Jayne felt a bead of cold sweat forming on her brow. "For how many nights?"

Jessica flashed her buck teeth. "Just the one. After tonight, I'll have repaid my debt to society...assuming I don't procrastinate on my Bible essay, which I am determined not to do."

Joanne smiled like an imp. "So, how red is your butt right now?"

Jayne locked her knees, then forced herself to relax to keep from cutting off her blood circulation. Once, 9-year-old Jayme had fainted after standing stiff as a board for too long. It was right in the middle of Mamma and Poppa renewing their wedding vows to celebrate their 15th anniversary.

Jessica frowned at Joanne. "It's red, what do you think?"

Joanne's eyes sparkled. "Yeah, but *how* red?"

Jessica twisted on her seat to face her nose against the wall. "None of your business!"

As Jessica twisted, Jayme couldn't help but notice how Jessica's wide hips filled out the old pajamas. One of the buttons of the drop seat had fallen out years ago, the loose corner of the flap teasingly revealing a few square inches of Jessica's upper-left buttock. The sliver of exposed flesh was bright pink, matching the color of Jessica's pajamas so perfectly, Jayme hadn't noticed it before.

As her knees trembled, Jayme suddenly felt light headed.

Joanne leaned forward to give Jessica her best puppy-dog eyes, holding up her hands. "Pretty please? How else am I supposed to learn if my favorite older sister doesn't provide me with a *shining example?*"

Jessica pouted and twisted in her seat to face Jayme. "Humph! You're just fishing for an opportunity to tease me...but if Jayme asks me nicely, and promises to keep you in check, I might reconsider."

Jayme's throat went dry as Joanne and Jessica both looked up to her. She imagined her shoulder angel, flopping down on her shoulder, face first. *"Do it, Jayme! For Joanne's sake! She needs to see what EXACTLY happens to naughty girls who don't read the Bible!"*

Jayme's shoulder devil clawed up her back like a cat. *"Yeah! And I wanna' see that smokin' hot, flamin' red ass!"*

The shoulder angel suddenly looked incensed. *"You fiend! That's Jayme's precious sister! How dare you refer to her so crassly?"*

The shoulder devil stuck out her forked tongue. *"Spare me the false piety, twinkle butt, you asked first!"*

Jessica looked at Jayme with mock sternness, her finger playing with the loose flap of her pajamas. "Well, Jayme? Want a quick peek?"

Jayme suddenly felt a splitting headache coming on. She wanted far more than a mere quick peek. "No, Joanne, it isn't right. Mamma and Pops gave Jessica her spanking in private. We shouldn't add to her humiliation."

Joanne looked like Christmas had just been canceled.

Jessica tilted her head. "Aw, you're so considerate, Jayme..."

Before Jayme could do anything, Jessica stood and undid the only button holding up the drop seat of her pajamas, before slowly lowering the flap. Jessica looked thoroughly pleased with herself. "...But I've taken plenty of bubble baths with you two. Nothing here you haven't seen before!"

Joanne whistled, and leaned on her knees to examine the results of Jessica's encounter with the hand paddle. Jayme felt like the world was swimming in a fog around her. She imagined her shoulder angel and shoulder devil pausing their argument, pulling out polaroid cameras, then seating themselves at a neat office desk to sort their photographs into a folder labeled "Permanent Memories" in the filing cabinet inside Jayme's skull.

The entire surface of Jessica's full, freckled fundament was a consistent, cheerful shade of bright pink, the lingering effects of the hand spanking. But the lower center of Jessica's bottom was an angry shade of red, the flat paddle strokes having left a squarish, geometric pattern. Jessica gestured to the red marks, easily tracing the area with her index finger. "After the warm up, I got the first 24 strokes of the paddle right here..."

The straight angularity of the paddle marks contrasted sharply with the soft curves of Jessica's plump posterior, which seemed to spill out from the open window left by the lowered drop seat.

Jayne felt her whole body trembling, and the moment she tried to gulp for air, Jessica bent over. Using both her cupped hands, Jessica lightly lifted up her lower butt cheeks, revealing the sensitive area hidden under the folds of puppy fat. It was as if Jessica's backside was smiling. "...and the last 12 right on my sit-spots, for a total of 36. Two swats for each of my 18 years. I can't wait for my next birthday!"

Jayne felt her stomach clench. Ordinarily, the initial, agonizing pain of a spanking faded surprisingly quickly, usually within a few minutes. But Jayme knew first hand that sitting a freshly-spanked bottom down on the wooden stool was a keen reminder of the sting, especially when their parents remembered to add a few strokes to the tender, delicate sit spots. And whenever Jayme earned a "serious talking to" Mamma and Pops never forgot to pay proper attention to Jayme's sit spots. "I'm...sorry you got it so rough, Jessica."

Jessica shook her head, glancing down at her own behind with amusement. "Don't be. I asked for it, and I got exactly what was coming to me. You know Mamma and Pops. They're always...fair?"

Jessica's eyes went wide, and Jayme felt like she had eyes on the back of her head. Jessica quickly sat herself back down on her wooden stool, and Jayme and Joanne turned to find Mama gliding into the room, her steps as light as a kitten's. Mamma crossed her arms, and fixed Joanne with her patented Mom-look™. "Hello, girls! ...Jessica, are *either* of these two teasing you?"

Jessica shook her head, now sitting with perfect posture to face the corner. "No, ma'am!"

"And why is the flap down on your pajamas?"

Jessica twitched to glance over her shoulder, before remembering to keep her nose in the corner. "The flap? I...Because I unbuttoned it, ma'am."

"And why did you do that?"

Jessica bowed her head. "Jayme and Joanne wanted to know if I was doing okay and...I...it was all my idea...I wanted them to see what I got for my just desserts."

Jayme raised a hand to intercede, but Mamma shook her head at Jayme, then tapped her foot. The only sound in the room was Mamma's leather slipper slapping against the linoleum floor. "Jessica, not ten minutes ago, your father sent you to *sit* in time out. Do you remember his instructions?"

Jessica rocked back and forth, keenly aware that her bare, spanked bottom was now a damning piece of evidence establishing her guilt. "Yes, ma'am. I'm to sit in the corner, read my Bible, and think about what I've done."

"And have you done that?"

"Yes, ma'am..." A shiver traveled up Jessica's spine as she corrected herself. "I mean, I did that at first, ma'am. But when they asked me how I was doing, we got to talking, and I sort of...forgot, ma'am. It wasn't deliberate disobedience."

"Stand up, Jessica. Keep your nose in the corner."

Clutching her Bible to her bosom, Jessica stood to attention, her flap dangling freely to expose her freshly-roasted rump.

Mamma patted Jessica's bottom, giving her three quick love-taps which sent soft ripples through each of Jessica's butt cheeks. "Did you *accidentally* drop the seat of these pajamas? Or did you *deliberately* drop them?"

Jessica clenched her buttocks, the puppy fat still quivering. "Yes, ma'am...Deliberately, ma'am."

"And did you *accidentally* put down your Bible and stand up to 'show off the just desserts' of your defiance?"

"No, ma'am...I did that deliberately, ma'am."

"In that case, when you claim you did not *deliberately* disobey, what do you mean by that? What do you have to say in your defense?"

Jessica took a shaky breath, then stood at attention. "I meant that I wasn't being willful, ma'am. I *did* leave timeout, but it was out of forgetfulness, not a desire to disobey."

Mamma nodded, then turned to Jayme. "You were a witness. Is that what happened?"

Jayme nodded, then steeled herself. "Yes, ma'am. We were the ones who asked Jessica if she was okay, and she was just telling us how she agreed she needed the punishment. She wasn't trying to show disrespect, not on purpose!"

Mamma looked up at her tallest daughter, with a look that suggested supreme self-confidence, despite her diminutive frame. “Do *you* get to decide what constitutes disrespect to the rules of the household, young lady?”

Jayne shook her head. Suddenly, she had a strange series of visions, downloaded into her head all at once. She imagined herself flipping the bird with two fingers, screaming an “Eff you!” as a war cry, then pile driving her own mother. Jayme was reasonably sure she could take Mamma in a straight fight. Then she imagined the warm-up spanking from Pops that would surely follow, perhaps followed by all three of the eldest Schmidt sisters being escorted to the woodshed for a triple spanking session, followed by Jayme earning several decades worth of additional nightly bed-time spankings to serve as a lasting mark of her shameful rebellion against the Fifth Commandment: Honor your Father and Mother. Jayme imagined herself as Jessica, standing in timeout, complete with the childish drop-seat pajamas, and bizarrely, the mental image seemed like more of a reward than a punishment. In the time it took Jayme to blink, this entire sequence of events played like a movie in her mind’s eye, and consciously, she forced herself to resist the temptation to defy her mother. “No, ma’am. That’s not my decision...but you asked me for my witness testimony, and I wanted to tell you the whole truth.”

Mamma’s ear perked up at Jayme’s addition, then she retrieved a wooden spoon from one of the strategically placed racks of emergency spanking implements. Jayme second-guessed herself, wondering if what she said counted as back-talk, but Mamma smiled. “Very well spoken, Jayme...Jessica? Turn around, sweetie, and look me in the eye.”

Jessica shuffled on her feet to spin in place to face Mamma, the diminutive mother and daughter at eye-level with one another. Mamma patted the wooden spoon against the palm of her hand. “Jessica, in this house, deliberate disobedience and defiance *a/ways* equals a spanking. I’m satisfied that you’re not guilty of that...though I’m also astonished at your forgetfulness. When your father puts you in timeout, you mind your father.”

“Yes’m!” squeaked Jessica.

Mamma gestured the wooden spoon at Jayme and Joanne. “And as for you two, when you see your sister in timeout, assume that she has more important matters to attend to, such as studying the Scriptures, rather than sharing idle gossip. You can always...”

Mamma slapped her own behind with the wooden spoon with three firm swats for emphasis. “...*compare battle scars*...another time. Now, Jessica, when you were in your terrible twos, I often had to give you a reminder spanking to teach you to stay put in timeout. Do you need another reminder now, at your age?”

Jessica hugged her Bible tightly against her chest, clutching to it like a security blanket. “No, ma’am. If you think I need a reminder spanking, I’ll accept your decision, but whatever you decide, I promise I’ll remember.”

Mamma pressed the wooden spoon against her lips, then hung it back in place on the rack. “I believe you. I was very proud of you for having the maturity to ask Poppa for a bedtime spanking tonight. That shows character. Because of that, I’ll spare you the reminder spanking you would have earned for this little stunt, when you were a toddler.”

Jessica nodded, her fear evaporating. “Thank you, Mamma!”

“Don’t thank me yet. I’m letting you off without the reminder spanking, but it’s still up to your father to make the final decision. When we come to give you your bedtime spanking tonight, I want you to inform him of this discussion, and submit to his judgment on the matter. We’ll leave it up to him whether you need an extra spanking to remind you to keep your bottom in timeout.”

Jessica’s face plainly revealed she was doing the math in her head, trying to calculate her odds of additional spanking tonight. Jayme felt like she could read Jessica’s mind as easily as a thought balloon in a comic book. Jessica was thinking, *“It’s okay. You can trust Poppa. He’s always fair!”*

Jessica bounced on her heels, resisting the urge to jump for joy. “Yes, ma’am. I’ll tell him everything! Thank you for correcting me.”

Mamma kissed Jessica on her nose. “You’re welcome. Now, sit your little booty down in timeout, right where it belongs.”

Jessica was in such a rush to obey, she forgot to button up her drop seat. Jessica started to stand up to fix her wardrobe, but Mamma waved a finger. “No, no. You felt like showing off your just desserts? Fair enough. Keep that flap down until bedtime. That will give you a concrete reminder of our little discussion. Take time to pray, and think hard on the spanking you already have coming tonight...Don’t pray that Father will let you off without a second spanking. Pray that he will be fair with you. When you’ve finished saying your prayers, concentrate on reading God’s Word.”

Jessica nodded, and folded her hands in silent prayer, as Mamma gently placed her hand on top of Jessica’s head. Jayme noticed Joanne bow her head, and followed suit. After a full minute of silent prayer, Jessica announced, “Amen!”

Then Jessica rushed to flip open the Bible on her lap and scoop up her highlighters. She was marking the passages with different colors to represent different key concepts in classical homiletics, a trick the Schmidt siblings had picked up from Bible Study Fellowship.

As Mamma fixed Jayme and Joanne with a stern look, they knew they were both excused, and retreated toward their rooms. As Jayme rounded the corner, Mamma caught her by the elbow. “Jayme...”

Jayne clenched her already aching butt cheeks. This was it! Jayme should have known she wouldn't escape unscathed for defiance. As Jayme readied herself to be dragged to her room, she mentally rehearsed the whole scene that would play out when her self-inflicted welts were exposed. But instead, Mamma only squeezed Jayme's hand in hers. "Thank you for standing up for your sister."

Jayne's heart swelled as she bent down to let Mamma kiss her softly on the cheek, then slipped into her bedroom. As Jayme leaned against the door to shut it, she felt like a weight had suddenly fallen off her shoulders. Her parents were proud of her! She wasn't a giant screw up!

Glancing down, Jayme noticed the copies of *Crime and Punishment* and *Anne of Green Gables* tucked under her armpit. With a sigh, she set them down on her bedside table. "No point, I just can't concentrate."

Spotting her walkman on the floor between the wall and her bed, Jayme fished it out. "Ah, there you are! Been wondering where you went for the last month!"

Jayne examined the disc through the clear plastic case. "*Adventures in Odyssey?* Classic. Just what I need."

Popping the headphones into the jack, Jayme settled down on her bed, only wanting to relax and enjoy her all-time favorite Christian radio drama program. The CD cued up to where she'd left off. Jayme's favorite character, Aubrey Shepherd, had traveled back to Biblical times, through the magic of the Imagination Station. Jayme concentrated as she tried to remember where Aubrey's adventure had taken her...Ah yes, the palace of King Herrod Antipas, where Aubrey met none other than Princess Salome. There was a sound of shattering clay as Salome accidentally knocked over a valuable vase.

Jayne's eyes popped open. She remembered this part of the radio story all too well. She fumbled to find the pause button, trying to ignore the dialogue as Aubrey valiantly offered to take the blame for breaking the vase. "...What *is* the punishment around here for breaking a vase?"

Jayne ripped off the headphones, but it was too late. She could still make out the soft sound on the headphones, and she already had this section perfectly memorized. "Oh, nothing too severe. Ten lashes with a stick," said Princess Salome...

"Uh...how big is the stick?" said Aubrey Shepherd.

Jayne stopped the walkman. Of course, the spanking scene. Or rather, the off-screen spanking, which was clearly implied to take place during the commercial break. A month ago, Jayme had reached this point in the radio program, and pressed rewind on the CD, over and over, imagining herself as Aubrey Shepherd, picturing herself enduring every painful lash with "the stick." Every time, Jayme would rub her own bottom, as Aubrey said, "Yeah...Remind me to thank you, when I can sit down again!"

The voice actresses' pained delivery for the line was perfect. Every time Jayme listened to this episode, she fully believed she was Aubrey Shepherd, spanked bottom and all.

As early as age six, Jayme had done the same thing with audiocassette tapes for older episodes, replaying the brief references to spankings over and over, until the tapes finally wore out. Jayme vividly remembered how she had laid on her bed doing exactly this on the night after her first-ever bare-bottom spanking: after the fireworks incident. Sniffing into her pillow, she had rubbed her sore bottom gently, listening to her favorite characters discuss the importance of spanking in their lives, how it was done out of love, not anger. Then Jayme would lift her head, rewind the tape, and settle back down on her pillow, praying to Jesus to help her not sin again, thanking God for giving her parents who loved her enough to spank her.

In the present, Jayme lay on her stomach, cradling her own bottom gently. The cozy, warm feeling from last night had long since faded, but the stripes left by her own belt still prickled softly. In contrast, the two bruises from falling off her saddle felt like she was sitting on two cold nails.

The evidence was all around her. Sooner, or later, someone was bound to figure it out. Jayme...was mixed-up.

But *how* had she gotten so mixed-up? What even *was* this feeling? Jayme *hated* spanking! How could Joanne and Jessica even *think* to ask for spankings, on purpose? Were they mad?

Jayme dug her fingers into the seat of her pants, then unbuckled her stupid pink belt, yanking down her jeans and massaging her buttocks, trying to rub away the numb ache left by the bruises. Jayme stiffened as she stuck her ass higher in the air. Had she remembered to lock her door? What if someone walked in, right now?

But as she dug her fingernails into her buttocks, reawakening the fading welts from last night, savoring the tantalizing sensation, Jayme didn't care! Let someone walk in. All she wanted was for Mamma or Pops to catch her red-handed, scream at her, drag her by the hair to the woodshed, and...

Her blood running cold, Jayme quickly pulled up her pants and fixed her belt. Behind the anger, she finally saw the truth she had been running from. Jayme wanted nothing more in all the world than to be spanked. But she was also too afraid of spanking to ever ask for one...not willingly.

End of Chapter 4

[Author's note: This chapter was generously sponsored by my patron, Adam-12, who commissioned a story and requested this as his commissioned gift.]

Saddle Sore
Chapter V: Evidence of Guilt

A knock at the door shook Jayme out of her trance, and Mamma entered without warning. "Jayme, it's almost time for supper. I'd like some help with—"

Jayme twisted on her bed, trying to look casual, and saw the quizzical look on Mamma's face. Jayme silently reminded herself that she was fully dressed. There was nothing in the room that could prove her secret sin.

Mamma nodded toward the walkman. "Let me guess, *Adventures in Odyssey*? Such a wonderful program. I may disagree with Dr. James Dobson on spanking, but the man knows how to put together an excellent radio drama."

Jayme tensed as she heard the magical, omnipresent word: "spanking," glancing at the walkman, which was currently paused at the precise moment where her favorite character was bemoaning her "butt-hurt." What if Mamma picked it up and started listening? Wouldn't she find that a peculiar coincidence? Jayme tapped her bed. "I thought Dr. Dobson agreed with Biblical spanking? *Dare to Discipline*?"

Mamma pursed her lips. "Hmm, parts of that book are okay. His argument in favor of spanking itself is solid. Though if you ask me, he overemphasizes everything. Wants parents to go through this long, multi-step process: establish guilt, talk about the need for discipline, explain every little step of the spanking, read the Bible, pray, never spank in anger, hugs and kisses, la-dee-da-dee-dah! You can tell he's not a mother. Sometimes, you just gotta spank and be done with it, or before you know it, every spanking's taking up the entire day. You'll find that out for yourself when you're a mother. Come along, Jayme, I don't want to serve a cold meal."

As Jayme weighed her mother's argument, she felt like every little "reminder spanking" she'd ever gotten over the years suddenly made way more sense. As she followed Mamma to the kitchen, Jayme easily recalled the passages from *Dare to Discipline* on the subject of spanking. She'd memorized them. "Doesn't he argue spanking should stop around age 10?"

"Did he? Yes, now I remember. No Biblical basis for that notion, of course. The Bible clearly endorses, and requires, corporal punishment, with no qualifications for age. Deuteronomy limits the number to no more than 40 stripes with a whip."

Mamma went right to work finalizing supper, beef and vegetable stew with dumplings. Jayme found herself helping on autopilot. "Well...don't you give us more than 40 whacks sometimes?"

Mamma brought the heat on the stove down to a simmer, shaking her head. "Not with a whip I don't...You're talking about a hand spanking?"

Jayne folded her hands behind her back. What on earth had possessed her to bring this topic up? “Yeah, hand spankings...I guess that’s not really comparable to a whip.”

“See? It’s all a matter of reasoning from first principles. The Bible gives us a specific rule: we’re not to deliver more than forty strokes with a whip. Okay, so what’s a ‘whip’? I was just reading a fascinating blog on the subject, by Dr. Wilson. In the Mishna—that’s an ancient collection of Jewish oral tradition—they used a scourge with three soft leather tongs. Just like our tawse, but worse. Then they delivered 13 strokes on the bare chest, 13 strokes on the left shoulder, and 13 strokes on the right shoulder. The total came to 39 strokes, to avoid going over 40 by accidentally miscounting. Now, that’s not the Bible, but it gives you a sense of how God’s people applied that verse, at the time in which it was written.”

Jayne vividly remembered watching *The Passion of the Christ* in theaters with her older siblings and Poppa. It was her first R-rated movie. Jayne had overcome Poppa’s initial hesitation through a long campaign of gently arguing she was mature enough to handle it. But, at her father’s suggestion, Jayne had closed her eyes for the entirety of the flagellation scene. “I thought they attached bits of glass and seashells to the whips for scourging, like the Romans did to Jesus?”

Mamma gasped with horror, remembering the exact same scene from the movie. “Yes, the *Romans* did that, because the Romans were a pagan empire. They didn’t care more than they had to about the laws of a strange, monotheistic people under their dominion. If you were a foreigner, they’d happily flog you to death or crucify you, and if you were a Roman citizen, they preferred more civilized methods, like beheading or strangulation. My point is, the Bible gives us a limiting principle. 39 to 40 strokes max, with a whip of three tongs. That comes to about 120 raised welts. When you read about Peter, Paul, and the early apostles being scourged for the Gospel of Christ, that’s the punishment they’re talking about. Now, let’s see you apply some logic. What’s an ‘unfair spanking’ according to the Bible?”

At that moment, Jayne was vividly imagining herself receiving 13 strokes on her naked breast and each of her bare shoulders, while tied to a public flogging post. “...Oh! That’d be anything more than 40 strokes with a whip, with three tongs of leather...so I guess that’s like getting 120 whacks with a belt, right?”

“And have we ever spanked you like that?”

Nearly two years had passed since her last trip to the woodshed, and Jayne vividly remembered the feeling of the hefty leather strap, and heavy wooden paddle, across her bare backside. It had been *slightly* worse than the belting she’d gotten for playing with guns, two years before that. But Jayne knew the answer. “No, you’ve never spanked me like that.”

Mamma beamed. “Exactly. Because you’re young, we lessen the degree of severity. 40 slaps with my hand certainly isn’t going above the Biblical limit, but it’s far more than what’s needed for a small child. I never have to give Juniper any more than 20 swats to remind her to behave.

Really, 10 is plenty most of the time. But if she's being especially difficult, 6 spansks with a spatula or the hairbrush acts as a wake up call. That's the last warning shot Juniper gets before I have to send her to her room, for deliberate disobedience, defiance, or disrespect. Then it's 12 whacks on the bare butt, plus a hand spanking for a warm up. But I almost never have to do that, because Juniper knows what the rules are, and she knows what the warning shot means. That's the beauty of spanking. It scales!"

Jayme nodded, still terrified by the memory of those "baby-spankings," even as she considered how laughably light those punishments would be for her now, at age 16. "As opposed to, like, grounding, for other kids? If you grounded me for a day, I just wouldn't care. You'd have to scale to, like, a week, a month, a year?"

Mamma held up her hands in a hallelujah. "See, this is how I know you're my daughter. You got Poppa's looks and brains, but you got my common sense. These 'gentle parenting' types think they're so wonderful, and all it is is disguising abuse by pretending that, as long as it's not spanking, it's not abuse..."

Mamma put on a mock-sophisticated accent, which she used to imitate "NPR listeners." "Ooh! Look at me! I never hit my children! I just verbally abuse them! I just emotionally isolate them! I just use solitary confinement! Are your children old enough to use reason? Just use reason! Huh? What's the consequence for willfully refusing to listen to reason? I don't know!"

Jayme snickered, and imitated a stereotypical, stoner hippie voice. "Hey, man, I'm into free-range parenting. You can't just spank a kid for playing in the street, after you told them not too. That's like, totally uncivilized. I just let my children roam free and experience natural consequences, like letting them get run over by a car!"

Mamma paused in the middle of serving the first two bowls of beef stew to double over in fits of giggles. "Ha, ha! Oh, gosh! Please, not the hippie accent! *Wheeze* You're gonna make me spill hot soup on myself!"

Jayme beamed as she swooped in to finish serving the first two bowls herself. "If I do, do I get spanked?"

Mamma finally caught her breath, wiping away tears of mirth. "...Don't try to find out."

Jayme tightened her grip on the bowls. "So...I know age ten isn't too old for a spanking...but will I ever be too old for a spanking?"

As she helped Jayme set the table, Mamma became suddenly serious. "No, Jayme, you will never be too old for a spanking...so long as you need one. It's not a matter of birthdays. It's a matter of attitude. Technically, Joseph's not too old for a spanking. But he just doesn't need spankings anymore. He could move out on his own, if he really needed to, but we like having him around. He's always helping. The day you're too big to go across my knee is the day you

start acting like it...Who knows? Maybe today's that day. I must say, you've made an incredible effort to help out since this morning. You're on a roll!"

As the rest of the family gathered at the table to answer Mamma's shrill whistle, Jayme glanced up from the table, and spotted Jessica, still sitting in timeout in the living room, easily within ear shot.

Sure, Jayme expected to be spanked all through high school, just like Jessica had been. But there was her big sister, the Prom Queen, the high-school graduate, sitting on a soundly spanked, bare bottom. Looking forward to a bedtime spanking in just a few hours. Looking forward to her first year of college, and if she didn't improve her study habits, at least another four years of spankings, on grade report days. And if she didn't fix her attitude, Jessica was looking forward to many, many more spankings, for many, many more years. And they both knew it.

Jayme looked at Jessica, and saw her future. Jayme would *never* be too old for a good spanking. And the worst part was...that's exactly what she wanted.

...

Before Pops could seat himself, Mamma nudged his shoulder and gestured to Jessica, still sitting in the corner of the living room. Pops nodded. "Jessica, please come to the table."

The whole family got a quick peek at Jessica's bare behind before she quickly spun around and marched to the dining room, holding her Bible flat against her stomach. Pops waited until she stood behind her usual chair. There were 8 bowls of steaming stew, one for every member of the family, with the notable exception of Jessica, whose placemat was as bare as her backside.

Pops looked Jessica in the eye. "Everyone, I'm afraid Jessica earned a spanking earlier today, first for laziness, and second for defiance. Mamma and I talked to Jessica, and we all agreed that Jessica deserves to get another spanking tonight, before bedtime. I want you all to know that we're not angry at Jessica, and we've already forgiven her. Jessica was very brave, and asked for this spanking herself...but it's still got to be a real spanking. Jessica, you know the rule in this house. Part of a bedtime spanking means being sent to bed without supper. Before you're excused, do you have anything you'd like to say to your brothers and sisters?"

Jessica held up her Bible. "I...I've been reading Proverbs. I remember this one: 'Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep; and an idle soul shall suffer hunger.' I thought about that one a lot, because...it's what happened to me. I was lazy. I didn't pay attention. It was like I was asleep. Then, in the same chapter, I read this one: 'Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying.' It reminded me that Poppa *has* to chasten me...to spank me, until I cry. And it's not enough for me to just cry, no matter how much I want the spanking to end...I have to be chastened. I have to remember what I did wrong. So that means the spanking has to

last long enough...to be a lasting reminder...Daddy? I trust you...and I'm ready for my spanking." As Jessica uttered the last words, she didn't sound like she was quite convinced.

Pops nodded. "Let us pray."

Pops began by offering a prayer of gratitude for his daughter Jessica, thanking God for giving her the gift of a repentant heart. Mamma echoed the sentiments in her own words, asking God to guide Jessica into wisdom; to help her become a "Proverbs 31 Woman." Pops invited Jessica to pray, and Jessica offered up a simple, faltering prayer of repentance, sniffing back tears. Poppa invited the rest of the family to pray for Jessica. Juniper volunteered a precocious prayer. "Dear Jesus, thank you for Mommy and Daddy. Help Jessica do better, and help the spanking not hurt too much. Amen!"

The preemptive "Amen!" earned a soft chuckle. Joseph prayed to ask God to give Jessica courage. Joanne, Jack, and Jill all shook their heads, not sure what they wanted to say, leaving Jayme last.

Jayme hesitated, wanting to pray for Jessica, but wondering what else there was to say. She was never good at smoothly speaking her thoughts in prayer, like her parents could, but they'd always encouraged her to pray from the heart. As the seconds dragged on, Jayme knew it was now or never. "God...thank you for Jessica. Thank you for putting me in this family. Help...help Jessica be strong. Help me...not need spankings anymore."

Jessica remembered her secret, and censored the last sentence. In her heart, she completed the thought: "Help me not *want* spankings anymore."

Poppa finished the prayer. "In the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Amen...All right, Jessica. You may be excused. Go wash up and get ready for bed."

Jessica hesitated, before she answered politely, and turned to march away, keenly aware of her younger siblings' eyes on her bottom. Jayme couldn't tear her eyes off it, even when she noticed Mamma, Poppa, and Joseph all politely averting their gaze away from Jessica's backside.

Jack broke the silence. "Is Jessica going to get spanked a lot now?"

Mamma and Pops shared a knowing look. Of course, what else was going to be the topic of discussion for the night? Poppa leaned close to Jack. "If you mean, 'Is Jessica getting a trip to the woodshed, or a week's worth of bedtime spankings?' then no, tonight is it. We never add extra spankings unless *someone* is asking for it. But if you mean, 'Will Jessica ever get spanked again?' then I don't know. If she doesn't learn her lesson, then, yes, Jessica will get more spankings. But if she makes an effort to improve her attitude, then no, Jessica won't get another spanking, unless she asks for one."

Jill stared at her steaming bowl. "But, didn't you say Jessica asked for the bedtime spanking?"

Pops sighed as he noticed the confusion caused by his own choice of words, looking to Mamma for assistance. Mamma nodded, and addressed Jill. "Not in a bad way. Jessica asked for tonight's spanking, politely, because she's really a mature and responsible young woman, who just needs a little extra guidance. But when someone like..." Mamma glanced at Jayme before carefully choosing her next words. "Well, when we say one of you kids is 'just asking for a spanking,' we mean you're being rude. Backtalk. Rolling your eyes. Those are *impolite* ways of asking for a spanking."

Jill glanced at Jayme. "That's why Jayme gets spanked all the time?"

Jayme swallowed a full spoonful of stew, burning the roof of her mouth. The family paused to make sure she wasn't choking. "Yes, Jill...that's why I get spanked so much...but I am working on that."

Jack blew on his spoonful of stew to cool it. "I don't think I'm brave enough to ask for a spanking the polite way. Wish I didn't ever have to ask for a spanking the rude way, by accident."

Pops patted Jack on the back. "That is a goal you can achieve, son. It's all a matter of mindset."

...

Having given up on getting past the second paragraph of *Crime and Punishment* today, Jayme lay on her bed. She heard the door of the bathroom open, and glimpsed Jessica passing by her door wrapped in two towels. Jayme glanced at her clock. Jessica was cutting it short. A Schmidt child sentenced to a bedtime spanking was expected to wait patiently in their room, with "heart fully prepared, and bottom fully bared," before Mamma and Pops arrived.

Maybe Jessica wanted a long, relaxing soak to take her mind off the coming trial. Jayme understood the feeling. Bathtime, very naturally, had been made an essential aspect of the preparation ritual. After all, you came out squeaky clean, and ready to change into fresh pajamas. Jayme wondered if Jessica had decided to reuse her favorite, hand-me-down pajamas. Sure, footie pajamas felt a bit childish, but it beat kicking off your pajama pants by accident in the middle of an extra-long bedtime spanking.

Jayme saw two shadows pass by her door, and recognized Poppa's heavy footsteps. "...Show time!"

Jayme went to close her door, and glimpsed her parents knocking on Jessica's bedroom door. She heard Jessica's musical voice, inviting them to come in. Jayme pulled the door shut, not wanting to attract any attention to herself at the moment. In Jayme's early childhood, until age 6, she had witnessed numerous bare-bottom spankings being administered to her siblings, especially Jessica. But after the disastrous results of Jayme and Joanne's bare knuckle brawl, instigated by Joanne teasing Jayme for getting spanked on her bare butt, a family meeting had

been called, and bare-bottom spankings were forever afterward delivered in the privacy of a bedroom, or the woodshed. It suddenly occurred to Jayme that she hadn't actually seen Jessica's bare-bottom suffering under the effects of a spanking in over 10 years. She'd seen Jessica get plenty of spankings over a clothed bottom. She'd seen Jessica's bare bottom only today. But not both at once.

Jayme heard the door of Jessica's room creak shut...without closing. Clearly, Mamma and Poppa were not concerned with Peeping Toms. Jayme remembered Joanne had been spanked a few times after being caught trying to violate her siblings' privacy. In the past, Jayme had never understood the temptation. You could tell so much just by listening carefully to the sound of a spanking. The quality of the slaps themselves told you where the spans were being landed, and how hard. The clapping rhythm provided a clear picture of the pace of the spanking. Some of the lecturing and pleas got muffled behind the thin walls, but if Jayme closed her eyes and concentrated...it was almost like she was there.

Holding her breath, Jayme stepped into the hallway, and heard Pop's voice. "Jessica, it's time."

"...Yes, sir."

Jayme knew the moment of decision had arrived. Like Mamma had explained, there came a point where there was no more need for lecturing or hugs or prayer, and all that was left was to get the spanking over with. Jayme approached Jessica's door, craning her head. If they spotted Jayme in the hall, maybe she could pretend she was going to the bathroom? No, that wouldn't work, the bathroom was the other way. If she was caught at all, she would be caught red-handed. Jayme glimpsed Pop's knees as he seated himself at the end of Jessica's bed, and then...Jessica's bare bottom. The paddle marks from this morning had faded to a light, rosy pink. Sure enough, she was wearing her favorite pajamas, with the seat lowered. Mamma must have been standing in the opposite corner, waiting to take her own turn spanking Jessica.

As Jessica bent over Pop's left thigh, with her footie-pajama-clad toes dangling just above the floor, Jayme felt a shiver travel from the tips of her toes to the top of her head. The angle was perfect. She would be able to see Jessica's bottom, while Poppa was seated in profile. Jayme had stumbled across a perfect blindspot.

The precise moment Jayme found her hiding spot, she saw Pop's mighty right hand clapping firmly across the center of Jessica's plump bottom, covering plenty of meat on either side of the butt crack. Jessica howled, and twisted her hips, but Poppa's arm was more than enough to hold her in place.

Jayme remembered her own bedtime spankings. That's right, a strong first impression, leaving no doubt of what was in store. After about ten spans, Jessica's squirming became more pronounced. Mamma's voice barked, terrifyingly close to Jayme's ear. "Jessica, quit fidgeting. We already talked about this once, this morning."

Jessica held down her legs, clearly trying to rest her weight on her feet to resist the urge to kick. "I'm trying! It hurts!"

Pops landed a spank across Jessica's left buttock, raising his hand to deliver an immediate follow-up. "It's supposed to hurt, Jessica. You knew that."

A spank across the right buttock. A wail from Jessica. Clearly, her earlier vow to take her spanking well had been a way of convincing herself she could. But now Jayme saw just how quickly Jessica's resolve was crumbling, with every resounding spank. "Slow down! I wanna' hold still! Just slow down!"

Unmoved, Pops landed two quick smacks, with equal force, and Jessica kicked her feet wildly. Jessica whinnied, just like a horse. "Eee-hee-hee! Noooo!"

"Need a hand?" asked Mamma.

Hearing the bed springs creak, Jayme withdrew from the door as Poppa leaned forward to adjust his grip, pinning Jessica's legs between his own. "No, I can wrangle this hoss."

Jayme willed herself to step forward, just in time to see Jessica switch from kicking to bucking, trying to lift herself up off of Poppa's lap. "No, no, no! Too hard!"

Satisfied that he had Jessica securely taken in hand, Pops began to deliver spanks at a slow but steady pace. Jessica had just enough time to yelp and yip between each one. "Jessica, you asked for this punishment. What did you think you were going to get? A pat on the back?"

"Ow! Not this! Ah! N-not like this! Ahhoow!"

Poppa landed four of his best spanks, making each count, then paused to let Jessica finish mewling. "Let's try this again. Why did you ask for this spanking, Jessica? What were you hoping to prove?"

"I wanted—I wanted to show you I was really sorry! I wanted to be brave!"

Poppa patted Jessica's bottom, warning her that more spanks were incoming. "Are you really sorry, Jessica? Are you being brave, right now?"

"Noooo...." Jessica's voice turned whiny, before a spank brought her back to plaintive. "Agh! No! I really am sorry! I'm just—I'm just not—YEOW! Oh, Daddy! Daddy, please!"

Two more spanks, then Poppa rested his hand on Jessica's already reddening bottom. "Remember your favorite verse, Jessica? Proverbs 19:15. Chasten thy son while there is hope....and?"

As the spanking paused, Jessica fought for a trembling breath. "...and let not thy soul spare for his crying..."

"When does a proper spanking end, Jessica?"

"When...when I'm well and thoroughly chastened."

"Very good. In that case, we'll end the warm up here. Mamma? It's your turn."

Clutching her chest, Jayme pressed against the wall to get out of eyesight. This was stupid. This was wrong. Any stray movement, and she'd be spotted.

Jayme heard Jessica sniveling. "M-Mommy?"

"Do you remember what we talked about before? You have something to tell your Poppa."

"P-please, don't make me...you can spank me, but don't make me tell--"

"No, Jessica. We're not finishing this spanking until you keep your promise. Making a confession of sin is always part of true repentance."

"He'll think...he'll be disappointed in me."

Jayme could make out Pop's unmistakable, gentle shushing, the kind she needed to hear every time she was in tears. "Shhh...There, there. I will never be disappointed in you for telling me the truth. What happened? Let's hear it."

Jayme heard shuffling, and knew that Mamma was gently guiding Jessica into a spanking position. Clearly, Jessica would be making her confession with plenty of extra encouragement should she hesitate or stretch the truth. "I just...I just wanted them to...I didn't mean anything by it!"

Jayme heard Mamma deliver the first spank, out of her line of sight. "No excuses. Tell him the whole story, starting from the beginning."

As Jessica started to stammer out the sordid tale of her flagrant disregard for her earlier timeout, Jayme considered her position. If they were seated at a slightly different angle than before, any movement could easily expose Jayme. Mamma was an ambidextrous spanker. What if Jessica's face was pointed towards the door this time, for a left-handed spanking?

Jayme made her decision. She was tired of "off-screen" spanking scenes. She wanted to see the real thing.

As Jayme willed herself forward, she saw she had been half correct. Mamma had spun Jessica around to deliver a left-handed spanking, but she had also guided Jessica to lay down across her lap, letting the bed support most of Jessica's plump frame. Now that Poppa had encouraged Jessica to be more compliant, Mamma was able to use a less forceful grip. This also meant that Jessica's face was just barely covered by the edge of the door, where ordinarily she would have been looking Jayme right in the eyes. But Jayme could tell that Jessica was focused on Poppa, looking up at him imploringly as she continued giving her full confession. "...And then I dropped my seat to show them! I only—"

Mamma interrupted the coming excuse with a lightning-quick spank, before flicking her arm right back up to hover high in the air, all in a single, crisp motion. "No, 'I only's. Speak plainly."

Jessica roared, and took a few seconds to catch her breath. Jayme could just make out the curves of Jessica's upturned bottom, unlike the earlier full moon shot. But, somehow, Jayme felt closer to Jessica than ever, almost as though the glimpse of Jessica's face meant that she had been given tacit permission to be here. Who knew? Jessica had been eager to show off her bottom before. Maybe she wouldn't have minded having Jayme as an audience, if she were asked. Jayme remembered all the little acts of kindness Jessica had shown her over the years: everybody's favorite older sister.

With a hiss, Jessica struggled to find the right words. "I...I was showing off. I wanted them to think I could tough out a spanking!"

Mamma delivered another thunderclap. "You told me you wanted them to: 'See what you got as your just desserts.' You made it out like you were trying to enlighten them."

Jessica groaned, as if feeling the spank on a delayed reaction. "That...that wasn't a lie! I really did want them to learn from my example...I wanted them to know they didn't have to be afraid of a spanking!"

"Suppose I bring them here? Would you like to repeat that to Jayme and Joanne? Would you like them to watch this spanking, and learn from your shining example? You can show them what a big, tough, mature young woman you are, and exactly how they should submit to a spanking."

Jessica flopped her face down onto the mattress, kicking her toes meekly against the pillows. "Nooo, puh-leeze! Don't let them watch! Don't let them see me...like this!"

After Mamma landed the next smack, Jessica reared, arching her back as she screamed. Jayme had her answer. Jessica, most certainly, would not want Jayme witnessing this. But by now, Jayme was fully committed. A retreat back to her room was just as risky as staying. The only reason Mamma hadn't spotted her already was the fact that Jayme was lurking in the shadows, combined with Mamma's stern concentration on Jessica's bottom. "Why not? Why don't you want them to see you, Jess? What are you afraid of?"

Jessica snarled, her temper rising. "I'm afraid of spanking, okay? I'm afraid of them knowing...I can't take it!"

Mamma landed three quick swats, then settled into her own rhythm, lecturing as she carried on. "Yes, you can. You're taking it right now. Grit your teeth, and concentrate. Don't concentrate on wanting the spanking to be over..."

Mamma slowed the pace to emphasize each of her last three words. "Concentrate. On. Repenting."

Jessica seethed, then pressed herself flat against the mattress, lifting up her bottom to provide a better target. Mamma patted her bottom with half her strength. "Much better, Jessica. Now, here was your critical mistake: pride. Spanking is not just about correcting external bad behavior. It's about correcting the attitudes of the heart. You wanted your sisters to think you weren't afraid of a spanking. Well, there's a right way, and a wrong way to go about that. If you're thinking about sinning, you most certainly *should* be afraid of a spanking. We don't want you to do the right thing just because you want to avoid being spanked, but if you ever need help remembering...it certainly helps. Before, you were pretending you weren't afraid of a spanking, for all the wrong reasons. But now that you're lying across my lap, all that false bravado won't help you. You need a *better* reason to not be afraid of a spanking..."

Jessica trembled. "...How? How do I do it?"

"Simple...with prayer. Ask the Lord to guide you, and he will...‘There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man...’"

Poppa continued the quotation from memory. "...but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape..."

Jessica lifted her eyes to look at her father, remembering the verse from her Bible memorization homework. "...that ye may be able to bear it...1 Corinthians 10:13."

Jessica's eyes went wide as Mamma planted an almost playful swat. "Precisely! ...And one more thing..."

As Mamma's next spank landed, there was absolutely nothing playful about it. With a howl, Jessica strained her arms and legs, wobbling on her stomach atop Mamma's lap. Mamma leaned low to whisper in Jessica's ear. "...I don't need your help to parent Jayme and Joanne. You worry about keeping your own backside out of trouble. Understood?"

Sensing she was approaching the finish line, Jessica nodded. "Yes, Ma'am."

Mamma patted Jessica's bottom to signal her to stand up, ruffling Jessica's hair with her other hand. "Well, I'm satisfied. The last thing to do is to stand and face your father. He'll know best what to do with you!"

Jessica pouted as she sat back up to rest on her knees, rubbing her buttocks before remembering with a start to keep her hands away from her bottom. Jayme tried to pull away from the door, without breathing, without letting a stray hair fall out of place. This was madness. Any second, it would all be over. Mamma and Poppa would kiss Jessica, and tuck her into bed. Then they'd trip over Jayme in the hallway, and the whole house would soon hear the tell-tale sounds of yet another spanking in progress. Jessica would know that Jayme had violated her privacy. Everyone would finally know who Jayme really was.

As Jessica turned slowly to face their father, she faced away from the door, bringing her full bottom back into view. The effect was hypnotic. Two hand spankings had returned Jessica's bottom to a cheery, cherry red, a few raised handprints clearly visible, glistening in the soft yellow light. Jayme could even make out goose pimples on Jessica's fleshy hindquarters, as they were exposed to the cool air.

Jessica sniveled, while Pops pronounced judgment. "Jessica, I don't believe your disobedience was done out of wilful defiance. You should thank Jayme later, for backing you up. But what you did was still disobedience, even if unintentional. The fact that you had just been paddled and put in time out for disrespect, only to disregard your instructions, suggests that you're not taking your last spanking very seriously. Momma let you off without a quick spanking to act as a reminder, but I'd say a reminder spanking is both a fair and lenient consequence for ignoring your timeout..."

Pops sighed, the hurt clear in his voice. "What do you have to say for yourself, Chipmunk?"

Jayme knew from experience that this wasn't a trick question. There was a difference between making empty excuses, and having a good reason. And for more serious spankings, Jayme had always been given an opportunity to speak in her self defense (with the obvious exception of Momma's countless rapid-fire reminder spankings, which maintained order amongst 7 squabbling siblings).

Jessica clenched her buttocks, then relaxed, hanging her head. "I have no excuse...I know I said I wasn't trying to be wilful, but as I look back on it...I knew I was being flippanant. Mamma let me off easy...oh, man!"

Jessica's legs start to wobble. She saw Pops catch Jessica and guide her toward the bed. "Woah! You okay, Chipmunk?"

Jayme tensed as she saw Pappa cradling one arm around Jessica's shoulder. Momma rushed to join them. If they looked carefully into the dark hallway, Jayme was directly within their line of

sight. Jessica held her hands against her face, looking pale. "...I think I'm all right...I was just so nervous, I felt light-headed...Phew, I'm sweating bullets!"

Momma pressed the back of her hand against Jessica's head to feel for a temperature. "I don't think you're feverish. Do you need a glass of water? A restroom break?"

Jayne's flight or fight response activated, and she chose a third option: she froze, crouching her back against the bedroom door behind her. As Momma stood to fetch a glass of water herself, Jessica held Momma's hand to stop her. "No, it's okay, Momma. It's these old pajamas. Gramma always said she made them to keep me warm and toasty on winter nights. Please, stay with me. I have something to ask you..."

Ignoring Momma's fussing, Jessica stood and turned to face them. In the hallway, Jayme found herself at eye-level with Jessica's bare bottom, perfectly framed by the narrow gap in the doorway. Then, to Jayme's horror, Jessica began to step out of her thick, knitted pajamas. "...Momma, Poppa, I asked for this spanking because I wanted to show you I'm serious about repenting...but I haven't been doing a good job thus far. Before, I was just thinking of some way, any way, I could get out of another spanking, even though I knew in my heart that I needed this. I want to become a wise, Godly woman...but I've been forgetful. I've been lazy. I've been disrespectful. I've been disobedient. I've been defiant...And I've been dishonest...Father, I need chastisement...and let not your soul spare, for my crying..."

Now fully naked, Jessica folded the pajamas neatly and stood at attention, her posture firm, despite her shivering. Now that Jessica was out of her childish pajamas, her mature, womanly curves now stood in sharp contrast. Jayme silently mouthed the words she wanted to say, as Jessica spoke the same words out loud. "Please, spank me, Daddy."

Mamma and Poppa both stood to hug Jessica, her naked form framed between. Momma accepted the pajamas, clutching them tight like a cherished memory. "I'm so proud of you, Jess."

Poppa gestured to the closet on the opposite side of Jessica's room. "Very well, young lady. You will get exactly the spanking you have coming. Go fetch a pair of slippers from your closet. The nice leather ones Momma got you for Christmas."

As Mamma and Poppa seated themselves back on the bed, Jessica disappeared from Jayme's sight, then reappeared, kneeling on her knees to offer up the two slippers to each of them. After they accepted the slippers, Jessica settled her weight down, resting her plump, spanked bottom against her feet. Poppa patted his left thigh. "Jessica, the Bible teaches that a disobedient child, at your age, should be punished with no more than 40 lashes, with a whip of leather tongs. Therefore, you will get the full, Biblical 40 lashes, but only with a leather slipper. Think of this as a final warning, for both laziness and defiance. If we are ever forced to repeat this conversation, we will have it in the woodshed."

Jayne could see Jessica curling and uncurling her toes in anticipation, before Jessica obediently crawled on her hands and knees towards Poppa's knee, and up onto the bed to assume the position. Jayme knew what was coming: Jessica was about to straddle *across* Poppa's knee. Unlike bending over a knee, or a lap, this meant Jessica would be spreading her legs, forcing her to relax her buttocks and submit herself fully to every stroke. This position would allow Poppa to hold his repentant daughter in an unbreakable hold, so that Momma and Poppa could both rain down spanks uninterrupted by struggling legs. The moment before Jessica would have unintentionally exposed herself, Jayme averted her gaze. She'd come this far, well past the point of no return, but Jayme couldn't do it. Not to Jessica.

With her eyes shut tight, Jayme heard the claps of leather against bare buttock, each joined by a wail, and easily guessed the pattern. Pops and Mamma were taking turns, their coordination perfect. Willing herself away from the door, Jayme dared to risk opening her eyes, and now only saw Jessica's feet, flailing uselessly. Jayme realized the pattern was even more sophisticated than she had initially guessed. Clearly, Mamma and Pops had discussed a strategy in advance, in case Jessica had been bold enough to ask for the full penalty. Dad aimed a stroke at Jessica's left butt cheek...Mom aimed a stroke at Jessica's left butt cheek...Dad aimed a stroke square at the center of Jessica's buttocks...Mom aimed a stroke square at the center of Jessica's buttocks...Dad aimed a stroke at Jessica's right butt cheek...Mom aimed a stroke at Jessica's right butt cheek...On and on it went, in steady sets of six. Jayme silently counted until the total reached 30, and her parents finally paused.

Noticing the change of pace, Jayme finally risked peeping a look at Jessica's bottom. If Jessica had expected her spanking to result in real tears, she was not disappointed. Already, Jessica was bawling, but as Poppa lifted her off his knee and settled her hips back down onto the mattress, she felt a series of 3 love taps. Brushing the leather sole in soft circles against his target, Pops waited until Jessica had ceased mewling long enough to receive instruction. "Jessica, the last 10 will be on your sit spots."

Rubbing her feet together, Jessica moaned as she realized it still wasn't over. "Nooooo..."

Three more love taps from Pops. "Yes, Jessica. Will you obey?"

Jessica settled her feet on the floor, steadying herself against the mattress. "Yeeesss...."

Momma took over, falling naturally into her role as Pop's backup. "Then listen carefully. I want you to reach back and hold your bottom with both hands...Good. Now, lift up your bottom, slightly, on both sides."

Jessica struggled to lift her bottom to the correct angle at the edge of the mattress. The hidden area under her sit spots was still a mottled pink from this morning's paddling, but Jayme was in awe at the color contrast between the sit spots and the rest of Jessica's Nebraska-Cornhusker-red rear end. So, *this* is what a sit-spot spanking looked like from this

angle. Jayme knew exactly how it felt, on the receiving end, but she had no idea that the folds of the lower buttock provided so much protection.

Pops patted Jessica's bottom a final time to warn her it was time to begin. "Atta' girl, Chipmunk. You're nearly over the finish line..."

Jessica hummed weakly to answer yes, and stretched her buttocks taut to present an easy target. "Mm-hmmm..."

By the time all ten slow, agonizing whacks landed against the freshly exposed sit spots, Jessica had melted into soft weeping, too exhausted to scream. Dad set down the slipper, rubbing soft circles against Jessica's back. "It's all over, Chipmunk. You did it. You've been punished enough."

Jessica cooed as she tried to straighten up, without releasing her firm hold on her buttocks. Jayme could make out the distinct shadows of 10 small impressions, left behind by Jessica pressing her fingernails deep into the flesh. Clearly, she'd been holding onto her ass for dear life. As Jessica looked into Pop's eyes, he lifted her chin gently. "Now that we have that unpleasant business behind us, let's review. You're old enough to know that obedience alone, just following rules, is not enough. You need to be mindful of your thoughts, and your words, and your deeds. But you also took responsibility, and repented. You are forgiven."

Jessica nodded, before glancing at her backside. With a start, she pulled her hands away from her bottom to rest on the bed, as she twisted to look at Mamma. "No rubbing?"

Mamma giggled. "Jess, it's over. You can rub all you want, if you think it will help."

With a hiss of relief, Jessica clutched her buttocks with both hands, kneading them thoroughly like dough. "Thanks...Wow, I am *not* gunning for a trip to the woodshed any time soon!"

Jayme felt like she'd suddenly returned to her body, after being abducted by aliens. Of course! She was still here! And Mom was standing up! "I'll get you some lotion. I think I have some aloe vera in the--"

Just as Jayme turned, with no plan except to make a futile dash to her room, and hope she wasn't seen...the door she was leaning against opened behind her, and her skull knocked against it with an audible bump.

Pop's voice was like a guard dog's bark. "Woah, what was that?"

Jayme scampered into her room, her footsteps painfully loud, and as she turned to close the door behind her...she saw Joanne looking down the hallway in the opposite direction. Of course, Jayme had been leaning against Joanne's bedroom door the whole time. Dad appeared

at Jessica's door, face to face with Joanne. As Jayme saw him looking Joanne up and down, she realized with a thrill exactly what he must be thinking:

Premise A. There was just a strange thumping noise outside my oldest daughter's bedroom, while we were in the midst of giving her a spanking.

Premise B. My third-oldest daughter, who I have had to spank several times for peeping on her siblings' spankings, is standing right outside the door.

"Joanne. Were you just peeping on Jessica's bedtime spanking?"

Joanne, who had been looking down the opposite end of the hall, away from Jayme's room, snapped her head back to look at Pops. "Did I what?!?"

"She did what?!?" squeaked Jessica from inside her room, her voice cracking.

Pops turned to look back. "Jessica, you let me handle this. Get yourself dressed."

"Yessir!" answered Jessica, with the perfect, sincere obedience that a freshly spanked bottom never fails to inspire.

Pops looked Jessica right in the eye. "Joanne, yes or no. Did you spy on Jessica?"

Joanne stood at attention. "No, sir. I did not."

"Don't lie, you little rat!" roared Jessica, before a sharp swat interrupted her. "Yow!"

Jayme heard Mamma's voice. "Jessica, you mind your father. Last warning. Wait right here."

There was just a hint of extra discomfort in Jessica's voice as she answered. "...Yes, ma'am!"

Jayme swallowed. Sometimes, she and Joanne liked to joke that Jessica had an "angry squirrel mode." Usually, a quick spank from Mamma was all it took to snap Jessica out of it. Mamma appeared at the door, behind Poppa.

As Jayme processed what was happening, it was as if she could feel the Devil sneaking up behind her with a contract ready to sign. All she had to do was say nothing, and Joanne would get the blame. Jayme imagined herself elbow slamming the Devil in the throat before he had a chance to explain the terms of his deal. There was no way in hell she was going to let Joanne take the fall for this. Jayme clutched her door knob, ready to burst it open and announce, "It was me! I am the Peeping Tom! Here am I! Spank me!"

But before Jayme could do anything cool and dramatic, Dad spoke up. "Then why were you leaving your room?"

Joanne blushed. "I...I needed to pee. I was waiting for you guys to finish the spanking, and...it sounded like you were wrapping up."

"And what was that loud bump I heard?"

Joanne swallowed. "I dunno..."

"You don't know? You didn't hear it?"

"I...I felt it! I opened my door, and..." Joanne bumped her knee against her own door. "It was like that. I thought it was a racoon or something."

"A racoon? Inside the house?"

Joanne looked down the hallway again, and found no raccoons. "I mean, I guessed it was. I opened the door, and it bonked me, like there was a weight on it, and..."

Joanne took a deep breath, looking her father right in the eye. "Mom, Dad, I *did not* do that. I'm innocent."

Jayme felt cold sweat on her door handle. Then she heard Pop's voice. "Jayme, are you awake?"

Jayme strode out her door, still mentally rehearsing an epic confession speech. But all she could manage was, "Yes, sir."

"I take it you overheard most of the bedtime spanking?"

The mental image of Jessica's entire spanking, from beginning to end, flashed before Jayme's eyes. "Yeah, I...couldn't get to sleep until it was all over. So I waited by my door, in case..."

"You were waiting by your door? Why?"

Jayme's mind raced. She couldn't bring herself to tell the truth. But she couldn't bear to lie to her Poppa again. "I...I wanted to hear Jessica's spanking...I just felt so sorry for her."

Jayme almost cried. It was the truth. But it wasn't the whole truth.

"So you were standing right there, the whole time this happened? Did you see or hear anything?"

Jayme's stomach tied itself in a knot. She was a liar. "Joanne...Joanne didn't peep on Jessica. I didn't see or hear her do anything!"

“When you say that, do you mean, you didn’t see or hear Joanne doing that? That you can’t confirm or deny if Joanne did anything? Or are you telling me you were standing right here, watching all this happen, and Joanne is innocent?”

When Jayme looked at Joanne, she saw her little sister’s lips form the silent word, “Please!”

Jayme looked her Pops in the eye. “Joanne *could not* have spied on Jessica. I am one-hundred percent certain. Joanne is innocent. ”

Pops nodded, then glanced over his shoulder at Joanne. “Wait a minute, you still need to use the bathroom?”

Joanne stammered, looking down at her trembling legs. She had unconsciously started doing the bathroom dance. “Yeah, I...I’m innocent?”

“You’re innocent! Go do your business! G’wan, get moving, Little Miss Sunshine!

Joanne became a blur as she raced past Jayme’s bedroom to reach the bathroom.

As Pops faced Jayme, Momma appeared at his side. Jayme imagined herself sitting in the witness stand on *Matlock*, being cross examined by her Pops, who had replaced Andy Griffith in the starring role. Just how many holes could be punched in her flimsy story, anyway? Then Pops surprised Jayme with a hug. “Thank you for telling me the truth, Firecracker.”

Jayme melted into her Poppa’s arms, before a flushing sound interrupted the moment. Joanne looked out from the bathroom furtively, wiping her hands with a towel. Pops strode to face Jayme, towering over her, before he kneeled down to reach her eye level. “I love you, Little Miss Sunshine. You’re a good kid...I’m sorry if I scared you.”

Joanne cracked a goofy smile. “...Oh, thanks! I was...kinda getting nervous there for a second. But I wasn’t scared of you...I knew you’d listen. Love you, Pops!”

Jessica popped her head out of her bedroom door, now dressed in her old pajamas again. “So, wait? Did *anyone* spy on my spanking?”

Pops held up his hands. “Nope. Everyone probably overheard it...but no one watched it. You can rest easy, Chipmunk.”

Jessica flashed her buck teeth in a big smile, before turning to Momma. “That’s a relief! ...So, do I need another spanking for snapping at Joanne, or—”

Momma threw up her hands. “No! You’re spanked! You’re forgiven!”

The twins both poked their heads out of their doors, on opposite sides of the hall. Jack raised his hand. "So, is Joanne getting a spanking?"

Jill shook her head. "No, no, Jessica was the one who got the bedtime spanking."

Mamma clapped her hands. "No more spanking! If I have to give one more child a spanking tonight, I'm giving them another spanking for making me give them a spanking! Now, get to bed, before you wake up Juniper!"

The twins disappeared. Mamma sighed with relief. "Older girls, too."

She kissed Jessica, Joanne, and finally Jayme goodnight, giving them each a soft pat on the behind to goose them through the door. For the next two hours, Jayme lay in bed, rolling over and over. As she imagined herself, walking through every step of the spanking she had just witnessed, savoring every moment, Jayme was afraid of what awaited her, in the land of dreams.

[End of Chapter 5]

Saddle Sore
Chapter VI: The Spanking of a Lifetime

For some reason, Jayme Schmidt was horse riding, wearing only her underwear and assless chaps. She was wearing a g-string that had a picture of a cartoon character falling off a horse, along with the slogan, "I Do My Own Stunts."

Everyone was watching her: her family, the girls from Redfield Baptist Church and School...and Conrad Mording. As Jayme twisted to look at all the spectators, she felt her cheeks burning, before she fell backwards off her saddle, and came rolling and skidding to a halt in the fine sand. As her butt took the brunt of the impact, she felt her butt cheeks burning.

Conrad leapt over the fence, and scooped Jayme up in his arms. For some reason, he was about 3 feet tall, and resembled a hobbit from the 1970s cartoons by Rankin-Bass. "Never fear, Jayme! I'll save you!"

Then he leapt up and over the fence in a single bound, and deposited Jayme on her feet.

Mamma screamed. "Jayme! What were you thinking? You could have been hurt!"

Pappa strolled forward from the crowd, shaking his head. "And what on earth are you wearing, young lady? That is not appropriate attire for a Christian lady."

With all eyes in the crowd on her, Jayme suddenly noticed what she was wearing, and covered herself as best she could. Immediately, Pappa snatched her wrists, and placed her hands behind her head. "I'm afraid I'll have to spank you, Firecracker. It's the only suitable punishment for a bad girl like you."

Jayme felt her stomach twisting as Pappa reached for her panties. "But..."

In one clean motion, Pappa tugged down her panties, and the assembled crowd collectively gasped, then erupted into howls of laughter.

Pappa roughly bent her over, easily pinning her against his waist under one arm, and began to deliver firm spanks. "You should be ashamed of yourself. I'm very disappointed in you. I promise you, young lady, this will be the definitive spanking of your life."

As the all-too-familiar burn returned to her behind, Jayme squeaked like a mouse and kicked her feet. "I'm sorry! I know I deserve this spanking! I know I'm a bad girl!"

Out of the corner of her eye, Jayme saw Mamma handing Conrad Mording a diaper bag. "Conrad, I'm afraid Jayme is simply too irresponsible to be left on her own. We'll have to hire you to be her baby sitter again. Here, once we're finished spanking her naughty little bottom, you can diaper her naughty little bottom."

“Noooooooo!” wailed Jayme, only to be cut off by a particularly ferocious clap. Then, she heard a familiar sound: the click of a belt buckle, followed by the snicks of rawhide leather ripping through the loops of denim jeans.

Pappa set Jayme down, and snapped the belt between his hands. “Yes, Jayme, after I’m finished, you will ask Mr. Mording to give you a spanking, to teach you to be obedient to your new baby sitter. Go hold onto the fence, and stick out your behind.”

Jayme started sniveling, but forced herself to nod, and obey. As she approached the fence, she saw Sir Hamilton, holding an apple in his hoof, and chewing it contemplatively. Then, Sir Hamilton spoke, with a voice exactly like the amazing Mr. Ed. “Hold on, Miss Jayme. I’ve always found you to be the most responsible and generous host a horse of good breeding could ever ask for. You’re not a bad girl at all. Why do you put up with this abuse?”

Jayme shook her head, tears falling freely. “No! I’m a bad, sinful girl! This isn’t abuse! I deserve this spanking! I deserve every lick of punishment I can get!”

Sir Hamilton shrugged, then popped a tobacco pipe in his mouth. “Welp, if that’s what floats your boat, who am I to judge?”

With perfect timing, Pappa whipped his folded belt across Jayme’s bare bottom, then began to properly thrash her. Every lash was delivered with expert aim and ferocious force. Jayme screeched, and clung tight to the fence.

Suddenly, Mamma appeared in her peripheral vision, flipping through her Bible. “As the good book says, ‘Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it’...but since we’re going to have to start training you up all over again, starting right back and square one with you in diapers, I think we ought to commemorate this important day in Jayme’s life. We need some sort of...symbol. An indelible mark to represent the permanent stain of sin and shame.”

Jayme heard a soft hissing, and twisted to find Conrad Mording holding a white hot branding iron out of a fire. Past the rippling, billowing steam, Jayme recognized the mark of the Schmidt family horse ranch: the letter “S” wrapped around a Latin cross.

Jayme shook her head with force. She tried to stand up, but it felt like her hands and feet were superglued into place. She was trapped! “No! Not that! Anything but that! I’ll be good!”

But Conrad Mording only shook his head. “Sorry, Jayme...but your ass is mine now.”

As Jayme screamed, she felt the sizzling brand press against her buttocks with a hiss, and then, for the first time in her life, she really screamed. But no matter how she twisted and writhed, she couldn’t escape.

...

Still screaming, Jayme shot her head up from her pillow, and found herself in her own bed. She was sweating profusely, and felt her chest heaving. Reflexively, she clutched her own bottom, positive she could still feel the burning scars left by the branding iron. But her bottom was cool to the touch.

Taking shaky breaths, Jayme buried her face in her palms. "What is wrong with me? God...why did you make me this way?"

Jayme peered through her fingers at her digital alarm clock. It was 2 o' clock in the morning. Not even Pappa would be up yet. Automatically, Jayme imagined her parents bursting into her room, wanting to know what all the noise was about, before ordering her to the woodshed for the spanking of her life for waking up the whole house.

Jayme groaned. "Why do I think like that? They'd *never* do that to me! They wouldn't take me to the woodshed over something so—"

Jayme paused as she thought of the woodshed. And then, she finally remembered. "My hairbrush...my pink belt...I forgot to get them!"

Instantly, Jayme's felt a cold sweat. All the work she had done to hide her secret, and she'd forgotten the most important detail. How could she have been so stupid?

Digging her fingers in her hair, Jayme considered her options. In just a few hours, she would have to get up for morning chores. Could she duck into the woodshed then. Then Jayme considered the clock. Not even Pappa would be up this early, and he was usually up and working by 5:00 am.

This was her best chance. But it also meant, on the slim chance she was caught, there would be no reasonable explanation for why she was up after bedtime. She might just get that trip to the woodshed for real, after all.

As Jayme felt her sweat break, she made her decision. This was just like when she made her decision to set off the fireworks, or the time she'd cracked the lock on Pappa's gun safe. To hell with it! If she was going to get caught, she might as well get caught in the most spectacular way possible.

Jayme flung off her blankets, and crept toward her door. Maybe everyone had heard her scream. Maybe she'd get caught in under a second, get spanked until she was forced to confess everything, and the nightmare would finally be over!

But as Jayme carefully pulled open her door, she saw nothing. There was a soft groan from one of her sister's bedrooms. Jayme wondered if it was Jessica, having trouble sleeping with her freshly-spanked backside.

After waiting a few seconds, Jayme determined that Jessica must have fallen back asleep, and tiptoed down the hall. She found her moccasins by the front door, and pulled them on.

But as Jayme stepped out the door, a strange thought occurred to her. She was going back to the woodshed. She had nearly two whole hours before Pappa would be awake. Quivering in her pajamas, Jayme clenched, and unclenched her gluteus maximus.

After all...didn't she deserve a spanking?

Instantly, her rational mind dismissed it as a stupid idea. Just last night, she had come way too close to getting shot, or worse, getting caught.

Then, Jayme felt a strange sense of calm, and her insides stopped writhing. "But I *didn't* get caught..."

For sixteen years, she had kept this secret hidden. She had been so obvious, so many times, in so many ways, for so long, and yet...here she was. And then, a strange thought occurred to Jayme. What if God was helping her keep this secret? What if her parents had never found out because they were *never meant* to find out?

Jayme tried to remember everything she'd learned in Bible class, anything that could be relevant to her present predicament. She recalled something from her Theology 201 courses. God's nature was that He was omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent: all powerful, all knowing, and always there. Surely, if Jayme was meant to be caught, she would simply just get caught, right?

So if there was nothing that could change God's will, one way or the other, why not just risk it?

But something about her own logic seemed off. Jayme whispered, "Be sure your sin will find you out..."

Jayme glanced at her bottom. "But spanking isn't a sin. Spanking is good. It's fair. It just makes sense. Naughty girls get spanked. I'm not sinning, not really..."

In her conscience, Jayme remembered when she was two years old, her earliest memories of spanking herself. She remembered parents telling her that it was their job to spank her, not hers. That settled it. This was disobedience. This was a sin.

But then Jayme thought about the importance of self-discipline. She remembered her memorization verses from the book of Hebrews. "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to

be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.”

Wasn't that what spanking was? It was never joyous while it was happening, even when she was spanking herself, but afterwards...she always felt so peaceable. So maybe that was the problem! She just needed more spanking, and she'd feel better!

“Then why not ask Mamma and Pappa for help? Go to them. Ask them for help. Tell them what's wrong. Ask them to give me more discipline...”

With an effort, Jayme forced herself to open the front door, and stepped onto the front porch. She stared at the woodshed, in awe of how it looked under the blue moonlight. It was so beautiful.

Jayme tried to imagine how the conversation would go. “Mom, Dad? I've been sneaking out after bed time to spank myself in the woodshed. You see, I'm obsessed with spanking. There, I said it. Want me to go to the woodshed and wait for you to come spank me?”

Jayme shook her head. There was no way she could make herself say that. She'd probably die of embarrassment first. There was just something wrong with her. Maybe she was just bad inside, needed lots more spanking than any other kid in the world, and the spankings her parents were giving her just weren't cutting it.

Or maybe she should go to her parents, and confess all, some day. Or maybe she could ask them about spanking in an indirect way, like whether she would still need spankings after she graduated college. That might be the best of both worlds! She could find out the answer to her question, without admitting why she was asking in the first place.

But whatever the answer, Jayme knew, she needed a spanking tonight, and she didn't have the guts to wake up her parents at this hour to ask for one. Jayme took a deep breath. “This is it, either way. One last self-spanking, and you talk to them.”

With that, she made up her mind. But Jayme didn't head straight to the woodshed. She turned toward the horse barn, and crept inside.

No, if this was going to be her last time spanking herself, she had to make it count. She was going to give herself a proper horse whipping, just like in the old Westerns.

Jayme stiffened as she heard a horse snort, and tried to hold her breath. In the main arena, where the horses ran exercises, Jayme found her father's collection of antique horse whips and bull whips. One in particular caught her eye: it had a short handle, with dozens of thin leather tongs. She'd always wondered what it must feel like. Once, she'd even dared to whip it across the seat of her wrangler jeans, a little harder than she'd meant to.

Holding the whip in her hand, Jayme cracked it experimentally. From the neighboring stalls, a horse snorted, then it let loose a whiny neigh. Jayme jumped, and nearly dropped the horse whip. She started to put it away, before remembering there was no point. “Stupid, stupid, *stupid* me!”

Jayme hissed with frustration as she marched out of the horse barn, wondering if she’d find her parents waiting for her at the entrance. She thrust it open, mentally preparing to make her full confession, before asking politely to be taken to the woodshed immediately. But there was no one there. All was quiet on the western ranch.

As Jayme spotted the woodshed, she felt her feet moving of their own accord. There was no more hesitation. She had come this far, and she was determined to see it through to the end. Jayme clutched the horsewhip tight against her chest, and muttered out loud in a scolding tone. “Jayme Hilario Schmidt, it’s time for your spanking! Now, get your butt to the woodshed.”

She felt her whole body trembling, and although she knew full well it was from fear, she found it delightful, intoxicating.

Jayme thrust open the door of the woodshed, and didn’t bother to close it behind her. After all, there was a naughty girl who desperately needed a good spanking, and there wasn’t a moment to waste. Jayme continued to play-pretend lecturing herself as she turned on the incandescent light, and shoved the saddle rack against the wall to open up the center of the floor. She would need to stand up to properly swing the horse whip. “No whining, young lady. You know full well you have this coming. This is going to be the spanking of your life, and I promise you, you will never forget it! And, yes...it will be on the bare.”

With that, Jayme bared herself below the waist, held her pajama shirt tight against her chest with her left hand, and arched her back to stick out her bottom as far as she could while standing. Experimentally, Jayme gently swung the horse whip, and found to her pleasure that it landed exactly where she wanted it to. It would cover most of her right buttock, and the tips of the whip-like tongs would land against the center of her left buttock. Jayme took a calming breath, remembering vividly her previous trip to the woodshed. “The Bible teaches that a criminal should receive forty lashes, minus one, as the due penalty for their offence. For your disobedience, you’ve earned the full thirty-nine licks. You will count each one, and thank me for spanking you.”

Expertly, Jayme lashed the horse whip across her bottom, with full force. She gasped as she felt the impact, and for an instant, she snapped herself out of her pretend world. “Ah...ow...”

Gritting her teeth, Jayme quickly delivered a second stroke of the horse whip, which landed just below where the first had landed. “No! Count! Repeat after me. One, sir! Thank you, sir!”

But before Jayme could pretend to count, she felt dozens of long, thin welts flaring up across her buttocks like a rising fire. It didn't just feel real. It was real. So real, she was actually struggling to stay calm, and continue playing the role of spankee.

But Jayme the spanker was having none of Jayme the spankee's defiance. Jayme snapped the third stroke of the whip with a precise flick of her wrist, achieving a resounding snap. Jayme gagged, then managed to groan. "One, sir! Thank you sir!"

Jayme lowered her voice, speaking with cold authority. "Better. But those first two didn't count. You've done wrong, Jayme. Don't think about feeling sorry for yourself. I want you to think about what you've done, and count. Then ask God to help you repent, and to help you hold still. Count two."

As Jayme landed the fourth lash, she felt the first three sets of welts screaming protest at her, and yelped. "Ow! Two, sir! Thank you, sir!"

At the thought that she might wake her family up at any moment, Jayme tried to stifle her scream, but as Jayme landed the next stroke, all thoughts of the world outside the woodshed slowly melted away. The woodshed was her entire world now. "Agh! Three, sir! Thank you, sir!"

Steadily delivered the next set of strokes. The pain was just unbearable enough that she felt the sharp sting, and wanted it to stop, but just bearable enough that she could carry on the spanking anyway. She had found her groove. But after twelve strokes, Jayme started to struggle, and lost her rhythm. As Jayme felt her lip trembling, she switched to playing the stern spanker. "Your count, Jayme."

Covering her bottom with her left hand, Jayme shook her head, genuinely wanting the pain of the spanking to be over. "No! No more! Please, no more!"

Jayme pulled up her left hand, as if snatching it away from her own bottom, and switched her grip on the horse whip, freeing her right hand. "No more warnings. We're starting over from the beginning."

Pulling the hem of her shirt into her knotted right fist, Jayme aimed the whip under her right arm and across her bottom, covering her left buttock with the next stroke, so that the thin welts mirrored the previous set. No longer able to hold back, Jayme shouted, then steadied her breath. "Start your count again, at one."

Feeling stupid, Jayme screwed up her face. It wasn't fair! She was too old to be spanked! "One, sir! Thank you, sir!"

She felt the fresh welts all the more keenly now that she was covering previously unmarked territory. With an effort, she delivered the second stroke, with the same furious energy, and choked. "Two, sir...th-thank you, sir!"

But as she tried to aim the third stroke, it landed lower than she expected, snapping across her upper thigh, barely making contact with her bottom at all. Jayme flinched, then started to count, but the illusion was breaking. "Th-three...No! This is stupid!"

Half-heartedly, Jayme aimed a fourth stroke, but it barely hurt. Wincing slightly, Jayme opened her eyes, and saw the room clearly around her. She hadn't shed a single tear. Usually, Jayme prided herself on being able to take a spanking without being a crybaby...for as long as she could hold out, at least.

As Jayme felt the cool air tickling her exposed backside, she thought about how incredibly foolish she must have looked at this moment. Jayme took a shaky breath. Pride. That was her problem. No matter how much she agreed she deserved a spanking, Jayme always found a way to open her big, fat mouth and make it worse. "What's the matter, is that all you got?"

Raising her arm high, Jayme swung the horsewhip, more carefully this time, and with far better results (though far worse for her bottom).

Standing silently at attention, Jayme savored both the sting and the pretend thrill of defying her father.

Finally, she spoke in her imitation of Pappa's voice. "Jayme, I do not want to spank you. I hate having to spank you. But I *will* spank you for as long as necessary. This spanking will not end until you learn to obey. Start your count again at one."

Jayme pouted, and rolled her eyes, just like she always wanted to. "No. You can't make me."

With a snap, Jayme set down the horsewhip, surprising even herself. Then Jayme grabbed the saddle rack and pulled it roughly towards her, bending forward gracefully, as if she was being forcibly bent across it by an invisible hand. "Let's see if a warm up spanking will fix your attitude. If we don't start your count tonight, we will continue tomorrow morning."

Using both hands, Jayme landed two quick, solid claps across each of her butt cheeks. She savored the feel of the warm welts against her palms, and realized that even a simple hand spanking would be agony in this state.

Jayme pretended to harrumph, and grunted as she carried out a self-administered hand spanking. After delivering ten swats slowly, with full strength, she steadily quickened the pace to a brisk tempo. In horse riding terms, she went from a walk, to a trot, and finally to a canter, just short of a full gallop.

The fantasy was finally starting to feel real again. But something was still missing...escalation.

Jayme paused, and contemplated the uniform, prickling buzz that now covered her entire bottom. As she forced her eyes open, Jayme spotted her pink belt and wooden hairbrush. Right where she left them.

Feeling giddy, Jayme scooped them up, stifling a giggle. "Yes...that's exactly what you need, you naughty girl. First, a good dose of Mamma's hairbrush...and then Pappa's belt....and then..."

Jayme set down the belt, and twisted her arm to rest the back of the wooden hairbrush against her upturned buttocks, gently rubbing it across the stinging welts, feeling them press against the cool, smooth surface. "...We start your horse whipping, all over from the beginning."

Jayme held the hair brush high, and closed her eyes. In her mind's eye, she was a tall, stern, stoic cow girl, ready to deliver chastisement. At the same time, she was a timid, frail little girl, lying helpless across the knee. The reality of the coming spanking blocked everything else from her mind.

"Jayme? What the hell!" squealed a shrill, female voice.

With a shriek, Jayme jumped up, and lost her footing as she twisted to find the source of the voice. She nearly caught herself on the saddle rack, before it tipped and flopped down along with her. With a final squeal, Jayme flailed her feet in a desperate final bid to break her fall and to hide her nudity.

Then she landed flat on her rear end, and as her butt pressed flat against the rough wooden floor, Jayme felt the tender welts scream for her attention, more loudly than she could have screamed herself.

Jayme shielded her eyes as a flashlight was pointed at her face. "I was...I was just..."

Then, Joanne stepped into the woodshed, and flicked off the light. As Jayme blinked, she saw Joanne was holding up a pink, plastic, digital camera in one hand. A little red light on the front was glinting, like an evil eye.

As Joanne smiled from ear to ear, her eyes were sparkling. "...I knew it!"

...

Ignoring the agony of sitting her full weight down on a collection of several dozen welts, Jayme stared at Joanne for several seconds. Or it might have been several minutes.

However long it was, Jayme finally registered that, no, this wasn't a dream, and yes, this was indeed happening. Automatically, Jayme slowly raised her hands in a gesture of surrender. "All right, Jo. You caught me, you little rat. Now what do you want?"

Joanne paused for a beat, as if she also was not quite sure this was a dream. "Huh? I don't want anything. I just wanted to know what you were doing in the woodshed...and I guessed right!"

Finally, Jayme felt tears springing to her eyes. She felt a strange mix of dread, despair, and deep gratitude. Her sin was exposed. No more carrying this secret. It was finally over! "C'mon, Jo. I was...spanking myself in the woodshed. You saw it with your own eyes. Just go tell Mamma and Pappa. Or do you wanna wait for breakfast, so everyone else will be there to hear it?"

Jayme felt a strange sense of peace. For the past few years, she had been replaying "the weird conversation" over and over in her head. The final announcement, that she had done wrong, and needed a trip to the woodshed as punishment, was a foregone conclusion. Then she'd be finally forgiven, and restored to grace. Maybe after today, life in her family would never be quite the same ever again. But at least she wouldn't be the only one who knew anymore.

Then, Joanne held out a hand. Glancing down at her pajama pants, Jayme awkwardly pulled them up with one hand as she accepted Joanne's outstretched hand, and let herself be pulled up. Feeling her twisted panties giving her a wedgie, Jayme sheepishly reached down her pants to fix her undergarments, then stared down at Joanne's diminutive form. It occurred to Jayme how easily she could overpower Joanne, and make a break for it. It wouldn't change anything in the end, but it'd delay the inevitable for a few more, precious minutes.

Finally, Jayme narrowed her eyes, frowning. "Well? Let's go. I want to be there when you tell on me."

But Joanne only shook her head slowly. "Oh no, Jayme...I won't tell a soul. After all..."

With a wink, Joanne held up the digital camera. "...No one likes a tattletale!"

[End of Chapter 6]

To be continued in Book 2